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Venus and Adonis

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BOOKLOVERS EDITION

POEMS AND SONNETS

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

By
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE



With Introductions.
Notes. Glossary.
Critical Comments.
and Method of Study

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
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VENUS AND ADONIS.

Preface.

Early Editions. "*Venus and Adonis*" was first printed in Quarto, in 1593, with the following title-page:—

VENVS
AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua

PRINTER'S DEVICE:—
An anchor with the motto
'*Anchora spei*'

LONDON:
Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paules Churchyard.
1593.

The text of "*Venus and Adonis*" is remarkable for its accuracy, and there can be little doubt that the poet himself superintended the printing of the poem, and was responsible for the wording of the title-page. A significant fact is Shakespeare's choice of the printer: Richard

Field was the son of Henry Field, a tanner of Stratford-on-Avon; he was apprenticed to a printer in London in the year 1579, and took up his freedom in 1587. Amongst his earliest enterprises was a beautiful edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1589. In 1592, Shakespeare's father, at Stratford, was engaged in appraising Henry Field's goods; in 1593, in London, Richard Field was engaged in printing William Shakespeare's first poem: the copyright was registered by the printer, for himself, on April the 18th. The publisher of the first three editions was Field's friend, John Harrison. The popularity of the poem is attested by the issue of no less than twelve subsequent editions between 1593 and 1636;* of some of these editions only single copies have come down to us, and it is probable that some editions have been thumbed out of existence. The famous Isham unique copy of the 1599 issue was by mere chance discovered in 1867; † similarly, evidence may be found of other editions, more especially between the years 1596 and 1599, 1602 and 1627.

Date of Composition. Shakespeare, in his Dedication to the Earl of Southampton,‡ describes the poem of

* 1594; 1596; 1599; (?) 1600; 1602 (British Museum); 1602 (Bodleian); 1617; 1620; 1627; 1630; (?) 1630; 1636.

† *Cp.* Charles Edmond's reprint of his precious "find," 1870. A fac-simile of the First Edition is among Dr. Furnivall's Quarto Fac-similes (No. 12).

‡ The Earl of Southampton was at this time about twenty; he was born October 6, 1573; his father died in 1581; at the age of twelve he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. Entered at Gray's Inn, London, 1589. He rose in the Queen's favour, but his love for Elizabeth Vernon (Essex's cousin) lost him the Queen's interest, in 1595. He married Elizabeth Vernon in 1598. (A full biography is given in Massey's *Shakespeare's Sonnets.*)

Chettle was probably alluding to Southampton when, in his *Kind Heart's Dream* (1592) he refers "to divers of worship" who report Shakespeare's "uprightness of dealing," and his "facetious grace in writing."

"*Venus and Adonis*" as the "first heir of my invention"; some critics, taking these words in their absolutely literal sense, refer the composition of the piece to the poet's younger days at Stratford-on-Avon, but there is little to be adduced in favour of this view, and there is no need to strain the words to bear this meaning. By the term "invention" Shakespeare probably implied lyrical or epic poetry, as opposed to dramatic writings; and with reference to the latter it must be remembered that no Shakespearian play had as yet been printed.*

Venus and Adonis must be taken in close connection with such poems as Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla*, and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*; to the former of these small "classical epics" (1589) Shakespeare's poem seems to have been indebted for its versification, as perhaps also for much of its characteristic tone and diction.† Marlowe's

* Shakespeare's "affectionate love of nature and natural objects," his many vivid pictures of country life, as evidenced in *Venus and Adonis*, are dwelt upon by those in favour of assigning an earlier date to the poem; they point specially to the famous hunted hare; the eagle turning on her prey; the description of the horse; the signs of weather, and the closing in of the day, etc. It must be borne in mind that the theme of the poem lent itself to the introduction of these rural reminiscences, which throughout Shakespeare's career, and more especially in his early plays, exercised their attraction; many links might be pointed out connecting *Venus and Adonis* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

† The following is a typical example of Lodge's verse:—

"He that hath seen the sweet Arcadian boy
Wiping the purple from his forced wound,
His pretty tears betokening his annoy,
His sighs, his cries, his falling on the ground,
The echoes ringing from the rocks his fall,
The trees with tears reporting of his thrall," etc.

An interesting problem is whether Shakespeare at first attempted a sonnet-sequence on the subject, and subsequently rejected that form in favour of the less monumental six-line stanza (*vide* Passionate Pilgrim, iv. v. ix.).

poem, left unfinished at its author's death on June 1, 1593, has certain points in common with Shakespeare's, but it is difficult to determine the question of priority. The famous quotation from *Hero and Leander* in *As You Like It*, was made after the posthumous publication of the poem in 1598, and there is no direct evidence of Shakespeare's knowledge of Marlowe's work before that date. Marlowe's "*rose-checked Adonis*" was perhaps therefore a reminiscence of the opening lines of Shakespeare's poem, and the debt was not the other way, as has been suggested. There can be no question that the two poems belonged to the same time.

It is noteworthy that 1593 was a year of plague, and London was so sorely stricken that all theatrical performances were forbidden; this meant leisure for Shakespeare. The companies went on tour in the course of the year; whether Shakespeare was one of the travelling actors is not known.

Early References to "Venus and Adonis." The earliest references to "the first heir" of Shakespeare's "invention" belong to 1598, when Richard Barnfield in his "*Remembrance of Some English Poets*," celebrates Shakespeare's "*honey-flowing vein*":—

> "*Whose 'Venus' and whose 'Lucrece,' sweet and chaste,*
> *Thy name in fame's immortal book have plac't;*"

in the same year Francis Meres published his famous "*Comparative Discourse of our English Poets* with the *Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets*"; "as the soul of Euphorbus," he observed, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and *honey-tongued Shakespeare*; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," etc. Again, in 1599, in John Weever's verses "*Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare*," the same epithet. "*honey-tongued*," is repeated:—

"Honie-tongued Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them and none other,
Their rosie-tainted features cloth'd in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother;
Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;
Chaste Lucretia, virgin-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her," etc.

Perhaps the most interesting of the early allusions to "*Venus and Adonis*" are to be found in the Cambridge play, "*The Return from Parnassus*" (the second of three "Parnassus" plays), acted at St. John's College in 1599, where Gullio's preference for "Mr. Shakespeare's vein"* finds exuberant expression:—"O sweet Mr. Shakespeare! I 'll have his picture in my study at the court." . . . "Let this duncified world esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, I 'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honour him, will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king), slept with Homer under his bed's head." The amorous Gullio was, however, not a typical representative of the University; a year or two later, in the third part of the Parnassus Plays, a more judicial utterance is delivered by "Judicio":—

"Who loves not Adon's love or Lucrece rape?
His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing life.
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

The writer of the lines was not ignorant of "graver subjects" which had already contented the author of "Adon's love"; but these belonged to the department of drama, and were not to be classed with poetry. Not long after, a more experienced scholar than the author of the

* Similarly, in Heywood's "*Fair Maid of the Exchange*" (1607), the lover Bowdler "never read anything but '*Venus and Adonis*,'" and quotes passages, and proposes to imitate Venus in his wooing.

plays, the much abused Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's "Hobbinol," wrote on the fly-leaf of a Chaucer folio:—"The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*; but his *Lucrece*, and his Tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort." One thing is quite certain, to wit, that Shakespeare's first published venture brought him no little contemporary fame.*

The Source of the Plot. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Bk. X., was certainly the direct source of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, though the story must have been familiar to the poet in various forms: whether he read Ovid in the original, or contented himself with Golding's translation (1567) cannot be definitely determined; Prospero's abjuration (*Tempest* iv. 1) shows his indebtedness to the translator, but this does not prove that his Latin was too little to enable him to follow the story as printed in Field's dainty edition of the *Metamorphoses*, or in any other edition.† Anyhow, his plot departs from Ovid's in many details. Shakespeare may have read Constable's "*Shep-*

* In 1598, John Marston, the satirist, published, as "The first blooms of my poesie," an imitation of *Venus and Adonis*, under the title of "*The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image*;" in his "*Scourge of Villainy*" (Sat. vi.) Marston pretended that the poem was a satire on that kind of poetry; in 1599 it was ordered to be burnt. In Cranley's *Amanda* (1635) it is mentioned, together with *Venus and Adonis* and *Hero and Leander*, as part of a courtezan's library. Shakespeare's allusion to "*Pygmalion's images*," in *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 48, should be noted. William Barksted's "*Mirrha, the mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies*," ends with an enthusiastic tribute to "*Venus and Adonis*" and its author.

† *Cp.* Prof. Baynes' articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxi. pp. 83-102; 619-641.

In the Bodleian there is an edition of Ovid which may possibly be Shakespeare's own copy (*vide* account of the book, with facsimile page, in the German Shakespeare Society's Transactions).

herd's Song of Venus and Adonis," which, though first published in *England's Helicon* (1600), had perhaps previously circulated in manuscripts, but the question of date is of no importance: Shakespeare's debt to Constable must have been very slight.

Bion's tender elegy, and the idylls of Theocritus and other poets of the Greek Anthology were evidently quite unknown to Shakespeare. His "*Adonis*" does not return from Hades. Folk-lorists can find in the poem only the Death, not the Resurrection of Vegetation,—only one part of that wide-spread nature-myth and nature-worship which passed, with much of its accompanying ritual, from the East to Western Europe, captivating the minds of the masses, and inspiring the minds of the poets. Venus mourning for Adonis, Isis for Osiris, Astarte for Thammuz are but variants of the same theme. It is not unhelpful to be reminded of the genesis of Shakespeare's sensuous and voluptuous theme.*

The Passionate Pilgrim. "*The Passionate Pilgrim*" was first printed in 1599, with the following title:—

"THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | *By W. Shake-*

* Spenser's curious reference to the Gardens of Adonis should be noted (*Faerie Queene*, Book III. i. 34).

The Eastern origin of the myth is significantly preserved in the name of the hero: "*Adonis*" = "*Adon*," *i.e.* Lord; again, *anemone* = "*naaman*," "the darling"; the Arabs call the anemone the "wounds of the Naaman."

According to Bion, the rose sprang from the blood of Adonis, the anemone from his tears.

In the Greek myth, *Aphrodite* has taken the place of *Astarte*; probably the name of the Greek Venus is itself a modification of some Eastern name.

The old translators of the Bible identified "Thammuz" with "Adonis," in Ezekiel viii. 14, where the English Bible translates the Hebrew correctly, "*And behold there sat women weeping for Tammuz*," the Vulgate renders, "*Et ecce ibi mulieres sedebant plangentes Adonidem.*"

speare. | *AT LONDON* | Printed for W. Jaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599." *

In the middle of sheet C† is a second title:—" SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke."

In 1612 an edition was issued augmented by the addition of some poems by Thomas Heywood, " two love-epistles, the first from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and *Hellen's* answer back again to *Paris*," and the whole were attributed to Shakespeare. The issue is described as " the third edition " on the title-page, but no second edition has been traced.

In deference to a protest on Heywood's part,‡ the piratical publisher cancelled the first title-page, and substituted a second, omitting Shakespeare's name; the Bodleian copy (formerly the property of Malone) has the two title-pages, the original one being left by some inadvertence.

In 1640 a new edition, with much additional matter, altogether un-Shakesperian, was issued as " Poems: written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent."

* *Cp.* Fac-simile edition among Dr. Furnivall's Quarto Facsimiles; also Charles Edmond's reprint of the Isham copy, discovered in 1867; these and the " Capell " copy are the only copies known.

† *i.e.* before the song beginning with, '*It was a lording's daughter.*' etc.

‡ In the postscript to the *Apology for Actors*, 1612, Heywood wrote:—" Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that work (viz. the *Troi Britannica*, published in 1609), by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and he to do himself right, hath since published them in his own name; but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author, I know, was much offended with Mr. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.

The Contents of the Volume. "*The Passionate Pilgrim*" has aptly been described as a "rag-picker's bag of stolen goods." Like many another pirate-publisher, Jaggard must needs issue a book purporting to be by the author of the hour; by some underhand means he obtained transcripts more or less correct of "the sugar'd sonnets," referred to by Francis Meres; he conveyed three pieces from the printed text of *Love's Labour's Lost* *; to these genuine Shakespearian articles he added sundry songs and sonnets, some by well-known authors of the day, some by obscure poetasters, some perhaps manufactured to order, so as to give a Shakespearian colouring to the volume; possibly one or two fragments of true metal may have been preserved in the miscellaneous collection.

The Identification of the Poems. I. II. Shakespeare's Sonnets, 138 and 144 (with various readings).

III. Longaville's Sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

IV. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

V. From *Love's Labour's Lost.*

VI. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

VII. (?) Shakespeare's.

VIII. Probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598, it had first appeared.

* The many variant readings in the Shakespearian portions of the collection were probably due in some cases to Jaggard's editor, in others to incorrect transcripts. An instance of the former is perhaps to be found in the last line of V., where the play reads, '*That sings heaven's praise*,' etc. It will be remembered that Holofernes chides Nathaniel for not finding the apostrophas, and so missing the accent: '*let me supervise the canzonet.*' Had Jaggard properly supervised it, he would, I think, have read '*That singës*' instead of '*To sing*' (*cp.* "*Love's Labour's Lost*," *Notes*). Some of the changes in the Sonnets may have been intentional for the purpose of obscuring references to the person alluded to.

IX. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

X. Probably not Shakespeare's.

XI. Probably by Bartholomew Griffin: it had already appeared, with variations, in 1596, in his "*Fidessa more Chaste than Kind.*"

XII. Probably not Shakespeare's.

XIII. Perhaps by the author of X.

XIV.-XV. Probably not Shakespeare's.*

XVI. Not Shakespeare's.

XVII. Dumain's Poem to Kate, *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. iii.).

XVIII. Found in Weekes's "*Madrigals,*" 1597; also in "*England's Helicon,*" 1600, with the title "*The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint,*" and subscribed "*Ignoto*" (probably printed from the 1599 volume).†

XIX. Doubtfully Shakespeare's. The poem strongly resembles one section of *Willobie's Avisa*, published 1594.‡

XX. By Christopher Marlowe. "*The Lover's Answer,*" probably by Sir Walter Raleigh. In *England's Helicon* the poem is given in full.§

XXI. By Richard Barnfield, from "*Poems in divers humours,*" 1598 (ll. 1-28 found also in "*England's Helicon,*" signed "*Ignoto*").

* Wrongly printed as two poems, though evidently not intended as such in the First Edition.

† *Cp.* Bullen's edition of "*England's Helicon,*" p. xxi., where he gives his opinion in favour of Barnfield's authorship.

‡ *Cp.* Preface to *Sonnets*, on the subject of this curiously interesting book.

§ Isaac Walton's well-known reference did much to maintain the fame of the lyric:—"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milkmaid: she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it: it was the smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his young days."

"*The Passionate Pilgrim*" belonged in reality to the poetical miscellanies so popular at the time; it deserved utter failure for the undue liberty it had taken with Shakespeare's great name, and it perhaps deserved the almost too severe though eloquent censure which a modern poet, Mr. Swinburne, has passed upon it. When the genuine Shakespearian pieces have been taken into account, "the rest of the ragman's gatherings, with three most notable exceptions, is little better for the most part than dry rubbish or disgusting refuse. . . . I need not say that those three exceptions are the stolen and garbled work of Marlowe and of Barnfield, our elder Shelley and our first-born Keats; the singer of Cynthia in verse well worthy of Endymion, who would seem to have died as a poet in the same fatal year of his age that Keats died as a man; the first adequate English laureate of the nightingale, to be supplanted or equalled by none until the advent of his mightier brother."

". . . Our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim;
A thousand poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife,
Rose to be Shakespeare."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

To the

RIGHT HONORABLE HENRIE WRIOTHESLEY,

Earle of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure me for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for fear it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Venus and Adonis.

Even as the sun with purple colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I 'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame: she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I 'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I 'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I 'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I 'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I 'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla' or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he; 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: ' Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire·
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none:
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

' How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

' Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

' Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

' I know not love,' quoth he, ' nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that 's back'd and burthen'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery:
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my eyes would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she; 'in earth or heaven
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth;
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest.
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I 'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar!' quoth she: whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She 's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
' Fie, fie,' he says, ' you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

' Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, ' sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised: thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

' On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggested mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so:
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth he;
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quiet undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye:

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonished as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says 'Tis so': they answer all 'Tis so';
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet not at all respecting:
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief·
All entertain'd, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holloa;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass:
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair, and hope, makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he 's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And being open'd threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled:
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud;
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I 'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward.

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll constant prove:
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed,
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As passing all conceit needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
.
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls through wind before the fall should be.

I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me,'
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that 's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow':
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night;
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace and solace mix'd with sorrow:
For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XVI

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not;
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal:
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say;
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
 The strongest castle, tower and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song:
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

XXI

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her grief so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king';
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Glossary.

Advisedly, deliberately; 457.
Affected, enamoured; 157.
Alarms, alarums, attacks; 424.
Along, at full length; 43.
Angry-chafing, chafing with anger; 662.
Askance, looking sideways; 342.
Aspire, ascend, mount; 150.
Attaint, infection; 741.
Ay me! ah me!; 833.

Ban, curse; P.P. xix. 20.
Bane, death, ruin; 372.
Banning, cursing; 326.
Barred, debarred; 784.
Base; "to bid a base," *i.e.* to challenge to a race; 303.
Bate-breeding, causing quarrel; 655.
Battery, onset, assault; 426.
Battle, battalion; 619.
Bay; "at a bay," *i.e.* "the state of the chase, when the game is driven to extremity and turns against the pursuers"; 877.
Bereaves, impairs, spoils; 797.
Bewray'd, betrayed, disclosed; P.P. xix. 54.
Blunt, savage; 884.
Bootless, profitless; 422.
Bottom-grass, grass growing in a deep valley; 236.
Breathing-while, breathing time; 1142.

Cabinet, nest; 854.
Canker, canker worm; 656.
Censure, judge, estimate; Dedic.
Charge, blame; P.P. xv. 2.
Circumstance, elaborate details; 844.
Cleanly, entirely; 694.
Clepes, calls; 995.
Clip, embrace; 600.
Closure, enclosure; 782.
Coasteth to, makes toward; 870.
Cold; "c. fault," cold scent, loss of scent; 694.
Combustious, combustible; 1162.
Commission, warrant by which power is exercised; 568.
Compact, composed; 149.
Compass'd, arched, round; 272.
Conceit, understanding; P.P. iv. 9.
Conies, rabbits; 687.
Contemn, contemptuously refuse; 205.
Cope, encounter, fight with; 888.
Courage, temperament; 276.
Coy, contemptuous; 112.
Cranks, twists; 682.
Cross, thwart, hinder; 734.
Curious, elaborate; 734.
Curst, fierce; 887.
Curvets, bounds; 279.
Cytherea, Venus; P.P. iv. 1; vi. 3.

Daff'd, put me off; P.P. xiv. 3.
Danger, perilous power; 639.
Deal; "no d.," no whit; P.P. xviii. 27.
Defeature, disfigurement; 736.
Defy, despise; P.P. xii. 11.
Descant, comment; P.P. xiv. 4.
Device, manner, cast of mind; 789.
Dew-bedabbled, sprinkled with dew; 703.
Disjoin'd, drew asunder; 541.
Dissentious, seditious; 657.
Distempering, perturbing; 653.
Dive-dapper, didapper, dab-check; 86.
Doubles, turns to escape pursuit; 682.

Earc, plough; Dedic V. and A.
Ebon, black; 948.
Ecstasy, excitement; 895.
Embracements, embraces; 312.
Envious, spiteful; 705.
Excelling, exquisite; 443.
Exclaims on, cries out against; 930.
Eyne, eyes; 633.

Fair, beauty; 1083.
Fancy, love; P.P. xix. 4.
Fault, a defect in the scent of the game; 694.
Favour, beauty; 747.
Fear, frighten; 1094.
Figured, indicated by signs; P.P. iv. 10.
Filed; "f. talk," polished speech; P.P. xix. 8.
Flap-mouth'd, having broad hanging lips; 920.
Flaws, gusts of wind; 456.
Fond, foolish; 1021.
Fondling, darling; 229.
Forsook, renounced, proved faithless to; 161.
For why, because; P.P. x. 8; xv. 12.
Foul, ugly; 133.
Fret, chafe; 621.
Frets, corrodes; 767.

Goeth about, makes attempts; 319.
Grave, wound slightly (with a play upon "engrave"); 376.
Grey, bluish-grey, "blue"; 140.

Hard-favour'd, ill-featured; 133.
Heavy, troublesome, annoying (with a quibble on the literal meaning); 156.
Helpless, unprofitable; 604.
His, its; 359.

Immure, shut in; 1194.
Imperious, imperial; 996.
Imposthumes, abscesses; 743.
Indenting, zigzagging; 704.
Infusing, inspiring; 928.
In hand with, taking in hand; 912.
Insinuate, try to make favour with; 1012.
Insulter, victor; 550.
Intendments, intentions; 222.
Invention, imagination, imaginative faculty; Dedic. V. and A.

Jar, quarrel; 100.

Jealous; "j. of catching," fearing to be caught; 321.
Jennet, young mare; 260.

Kill, kill! the old English battle-cry; 652.

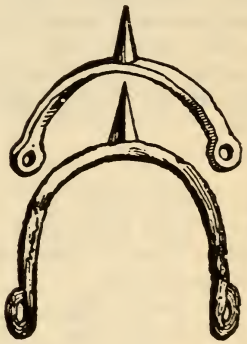
Lawnd, lawn; 813.
Leave, license; 568.
Listeth, desires; 564.
Livelihood, animation, spirit; 26.
Lure, the call or whistle by which the falconer attracts the hawk; 1027.

Manage, train, break in; 598.
Mane (used as plural); 272.
Marr'd, had injuriously caused; 478.
Match, compact; 586.
Mated, bewildered; 909.
Measures, dances; 1148.
Mermaid, siren; 429.
Miss, misdoing; 53.
Mistrustful, producing distrust or fear; 826.
More, greater; 78.
Mortal, death-dealing; 618, 953.
Musing, wondering; 866.
Musits, tracks through a hedge; 683.

Nill, will not; P.P. xiv. 8.
Nought; "all to n.," good for nothing; 993.
Nuzzling, thrusting the nose in (Quartos, "*nousling*"); 1115.

O'erstraw'd, o'erstrewed; 1143.
Orient, bright-shining; 981.
Owe, own; 411.

Pack, begone; P.P. xv. 17.
Pack'd, sent packing; P.P. xv. 9.
Pale, enclosure; 230.
——, paleness; 589.
Paphos, a town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus; 1193.
Passenger, wayfarer; 91.
Passions, grieves; 1059.
Philomela, the nightingale; P.P. xv. 5.
Pine, starve; 602.
Pith, strength, force; 26.
Precedent, indication (Quartos, "*president*"; Malone, "*precedent*"); 26.
Pricking spur; 285. The Roman spur was never made



with a rowel but with a goad, as shown in the annexed engravings from originals in the Museo Borbonico, Naples.

Proof, defensive armour; 626.
Prove, experience; 597.
Proved, tested; 608.

Rank, excessive, over-full; 71.
Reaves, bereaves; 766.
Relenteth, softens; 200.
Remorse, mercy; 257.
Repine, repining, sadness; 490.
Respecting, seeing; 911.
Respects, considerations; 911.
Root, uproot; 636.
Round; "to r. me on th' ear."? "to strike me on the ear"; (? "*i' the ear*"; *i.e.* to whisper in my ear); P.P. xix. 51.

Seld, seldom: P.P. xiii. 7.
Sensible, endowed with feeling; 436.
Servile to, subject to; 112.
Set, seated; 18.
Severe, merciless; 1000.
Shag, shaggy; 295.
Shine, brightness; 728.
Short, shorten; P.P. xv. 18.
Shrewd, mischievous, evil; 500.
Silly, simple; 467.
——, innocent, harmless; 1098.
Sith, since; 762.
Slips, used quibblingly for (i) blunders, (ii) counterfeit coins so named; 515.
Smell, scent; 686.
Sorteth, associates; 689.
Spleen, heat; P.P. vi. 6.
Spleens, passionate humours; 907.
Spright, spirit (Quartos, "*sprite*"); 181.
Spring, shoot, blossom; 656.
Springing, blooming; 417.
Stain; "st. to all nymphs," *i.e.* eclipsing all nymphs; causing them to appear sullied by contrast; 9.
Stall'd, got as in a stall, fixed; P.P. xix. 2.
Steep-up, high, precipitous; P.P. ix. 5.
Stick, hesitate; P.P. xix. 51.
Stillitory, still; 443.
Strangeness, distant manner, reserve; 310.
Strict, tight, close; 874.
Suspect, suspicion; 1010.

Teen, vexation; 808.
Testy, irritated; 319.
Thick-sighted, short-sighted; 136.
Think, expect; P.P. xix. 43.
Timely, early; P.P. x. 3.
Tired, (?) attired (Collier, "'tired," *i.e.* attired); 177.
Tires, feeds ravenously; 56.
Titan, the Sun-god; 177.
Toward, docile, tractable; 1157.
Toys, whims; P.P. xix. 39.
Treatise, discourse; 774.
Trench'd, gashed; 1052.
Turn; "this good t.," kind action (with perhaps a quibble on the previous "turns"); 92.
Tushes, tusks; 617.

Uncouple, set loose the hounds; 673.
Unkind, childless; 204.
Untreads, retraces; 908.
Up-till, against, on; P.P. xxi. 10.
Urchin-snouted, snouted like a hedge-hog; 1105.

Use, interest; 768.

Vaded, faded; P.P. x. 1; *vadeth,* fadeth; P.P. xiii. 2.
Vails, lowers; 314.
Venture (pronounced "*venter,*" rhyming with "enter"); 628.
Vilia miretur vulgus, etc. Ovid's *Amores,* Bk. I. El. xv. ll. 35, 36:—

"*Let base-conceited wits admire vile things,*
Fair Phœbus leads me to the Muses' springs,"

(? Marlowe's Version, pub. *circa* 1598; *cp.* Ben Jonson's *Poetaster,* Act 1); Motto to V. and A.
Vulture, ravenous; 551.

Wat, familiar name for a hare; 697.
Watch, keep awake; 584.
Watch, watchman; P.P. xv. 2.
Wear, wear out; 506.
Well-breath'd, well exercised, in good training; 678.
When as, when; 999.
Whether; "they know not w.," *i.e.* which of the two; 304.
Winks, closes the eyes; 90.
Wistly, wistfully; 343.
Withhold, restrain; 612.
Wood, mad; 740.
Worm, serpent; 933.
Wrack, ruin; 558.
Wreak'd, revenged; 1004.
Writon, writ about (?) predicted; 506.



To me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed' (P. P. v. 4).
[The fable of the oak and osier is illustrated in Whitney's *Emblems* (1586), by an engraving which is here reproduced.]

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

VENUS AND ADONIS: 156, '*shouldst*'; Quarto 1, '*should.*'

171. *cp.* Sonnet I.

211. '*lifeless*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*liuelesse.*'

213. '*Statue*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*Statüe*'; *cp.* l. 1013; Quartos 3, 4, '*statües.*'

231; 239; 689. '*deer*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*deare.*'

272. '*stand,*' so Quartos 1-4; the rest, '*stands.*'

283. '*stir*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*sturre.*'

304. '*And whether*'; Quartos, '*And where*' (*i.e.* '*whe'er*').

334; 402. '*fire*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*fier*'; but '*fire,*' l. 494 (rhyming with '*desire*').

351. '*With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat.*' The accompanying example of the form of hat used by Roman and Greek travellers, and consequently in classical representations of Mercury, is taken from a figure in the Panathenaic procession, in the British Museum.



353. '*tenderer*'; Quarto 1, '*tendrer*'; the rest, '*tender.*'

362. '*gaol*'; Quartos, '*gaile*'; '*Iaile.*'

392. '*master'd*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*maister'd*'; *cp.* l. 114, '*mastering*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*maistring.*'

392. '*rein*'; Quartos 1-10, '*raine.*'

429. '*mermaid's*'; early Quartos, '*marmaides*'; '*marmaids*'; *cp.* l. 777; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*marmaids*'; Quarto 4, '*mirmaides.*'

434. '*invisible*'; Steevens conj. '*invincible.*'

454. '*wreck*'; Quartos, '*wracke,*' '*wrack*' (*cp.* l. 558).

466. '*bankrupt*'; Quartos, '*bankrout,*' '*banckrout,*' '*banquerout.*'

466. '*love*'; S. Walker conj. '*loss.*'

507. *'verdure'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'verdour.'*

529. *'gait'*; Quartos, *'gate.'*

547. *'prey'*; Quartos, *'pray'* (tho' rhyming with *'obey'*); so *'prayes,'* line 724, and *'pray'* (rhyming with *'day'*), line 1097.

567. *'venturing'*; Quartos *'ventring.'*

599. *'Tantalus'*; Quartos, *'Tantalus.'*

628. *'venture'*; Quartos, *'venter'* (rhyming with *'enter'*).

632. *'eyes pay'*; Quartos 1, 2, *'eyes paies.'*

680. *'overshoot,'* Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'over-shut.'*

705. *'doth'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'do.'*

743. *'imposthumes'*; Quartos, *'impostumes.'*

781. *'run'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'ronne'* (rhyming with *'undone'*).

832. *'deeply'*; S. Walker conj. *'doubly.'*

902. *'together'*; Quartos, *'togither'* (rhyming with *'whither'*); *cp.* line 971; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'all together'* (rhyming with *'weather'*); Quarto 4, *'altogither.'*

940. *'random'*; Quartos 1-4, *'randon.'*

993. *'all to nought'* (rhyming with *'wrought'*); Dyce, *'all-to naught'*; Delius, *'all-to-naught.'*

1002. *'decease'* early Quartos, *'decesse'* (rhyming with *'confess'*).

1013-1014. *'stories His'*; Theobald's conjecture; Quartos, *'stories, His.'*

1041. *'ugly'*; Quarto 1, *'ougly.'*

1067. *'limb'*; Quartos, *'lim.'*

1117. *'been'*; Quarto 1, *'bin.'*

1155. *'severe'*; early Quartos, *'seveare'* (rhyming with *'fear'*).

1161. *'servile'*; Quartos 1, 2, *'seruill'*; *cp.* line 392, *'servilely'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'seruilly.'*

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM: I. II.; *cp.* SONNETS, CXXXVIII., CXLIV. III. V. XVII.; *cp.* LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, IV. iii. 60-73; IV. ii. 109-122; IV. iii. 101-120.

VIII. 5. John Dowland was one of the most famous of Elizabethan musicians; his song-books appeared in 1597, 1600, and 1603; his *"Pilgrim's Solace"* in 1612. There are many references to him in Elizabethan and later literature, more especially to his *'Lachrymæ; or, Seven Tears figured in seven heavenlie Pavans'* (1605); (*cp.* Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*).

XII. 12. *'stay'st'*; old eds. *'staies.'*

XIII. Two copies of this poem "from a corrected MS." were printed in *Gent. Mag.* XX. 521; XXX. 39; the variants do not improve the poem.

XV. 8. *'And drives'*; perhaps we should read, *'And daylight drives,'* (Anon. conj.).

XVIII. 5. *'Love's denying'*; Malone's conj.; old eds., *'Love is dying'*; England's Helicon, *'Love is denying.'*

7. *'renying'*; ed. 1599, *'nenying.'*

21. *'Love hath forlorn me'*; Steevens conj. *'Love forlorn I.'*

XVIII. 27-30. *'My shepherd's pipe,'* etc. The accompanying engraving, from a bas-relief on the Hotel Bourgtheroulde at Rouen (*temp.* Francis I.), represents a group 'curiously identical with the poet's words.'



31-32. *'My sighs . . . Procure to'*; edd. 1599, 1612, *'With sighes . . . procures to'*: the reading of the text is Malone's.

43. *'back-peeping'*; edd. 1599, 1612, *'blacke peeping.'*

XIX. 4. *'fancy, partial wight'*; Capell MS. and Malone conj. withdrawn; edd. 1599, 1612, *'fancy (party all might)'*; ed. 1640, *'fancy (partly all might)'*; Malone (from MS. copy), *'fancy, partial like'*; Collier (from MS. copy), *'partial fancy like'*; Steevens conj. *'fancy, partial tike'*; Furnivall conj. *'fancy's partial might.'*

45. *'There is no heaven, by holy then'*; the line has been variously emended; Malone read from an old MS.:—

> *'Here is no heaven; they holy then*
> *Begin, when,' etc.*

No satisfactory emendation has been proposed, and perhaps the original reading may be allowed to stand without the comma after *'heaven'*:—*'there is no heaven by holy then,' i.e.* 'by that holy time'; others suggest, *'be holy then,'* or *'by the holy then,'* etc.

XX. 1. *'Live with me, and be my love'*; in *England's Helicon*, and other early versions the line runs, *'Come live with me,'* etc., and in this way it is usually quoted. Two verses found in *England's Helicon* are omitted in the present version, but included in the 1640 ed., where *"Love's Answer"* is also

in six quatrains; the additional matter was evidently also derived from *England's Helicon*. After l. 12 the following lines are inserted:—

> *"A gown made of the finest wool,*
> *Which from our pretty Lambs we pull.*
> *Fair lined slippers for the cold,*
> *With buckles of the purest gold."*

The last stanza runs thus:—

> *"The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing,*
> *For thy delight each May morning;*
> *If these delights thy mind may move,*
> *Then live with me and be my love."*

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The first edition of "LUCRECE" was published in quarto in 1594, with the following title-page:—

"LVCRECE | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound | in Paules Church-yard. 1594 | ." *

The running title is "The Rape of Lvcrece." The Bodleian Library copies of this edition differ in some important readings, showing that the text was corrected while passing through the press. Seven new editions appeared by the year 1655; the 1616 issue purported to be "newly revised," but the variant readings are of very doubtful value.

The Source of the Plot. The story of Lucrece had been treated by many English writers before Shakespeare chose it as the subject of "the second heir" of his invention. Chaucer told her story in his *Legend of Good Women*, quoting "Ovid and Titus Livius" as his originals (*cp.* Ovid's *Fasti*, ii. 741; Livy, Bk. I., chs. 57, 58). Lydgate treated the same theme in his "*Falls of Princes*": Painter, in his "*Palace of Pleasure*," 1567. There were other English renderings, notably "ballads" entered, on the Stationers' Registers in the years 1568, 1570; a ballad was also printed in 1576.

* *Cp.* No. 35, "Shakespeare Quarto Fac-similes."

Shakespeare seems to have read Ovid's version, and this may be considered his main source." *

The Date of Composition. In the dedication of "*Venus and Adonis*" to the Earl of Southampton, the poet had vowed "to take advantage of all idle hours" till "I have honoured you with some graver labour." "*Lucrece*" must therefore have been written after the dedication containing the words, and before its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, *i.e.* between April, 1593, and May, 1594.

Like the former poem, Lucrece was also addressed to Southampton: it is instructive, however, to compare the two dedications; between the first and second letters timid deference towards an exalted patron has ripened into affectionate devotion.

A comparison of the two companion poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, the one a study of "female lust and boyish coldness," the other of "male lust and womanly chastity," brings out prominently the advance made in the later poem in respect of ease of versification, maturity of observation, and didactic tendency. This latter superiority seems to have been noted by Shakespeare's contemporaries.†—

> "*Who loves chaste life, there Lucrece for a teacher:*
> *Who lis't read lust there's Venus and Adonis.*"
> (FREEMAN'S *Runne and a Great Cast*, 1614.)

* *Cp.* Baynes' essay on Shakespeare and Ovid, with reference to his early poems (*Fraser's Magazine*, xxi.).

† *Cp.* Preface to "*Venus and Adonis.*" The earliest allusion to Shakespeare by *name* occurs in connection with a reference to his *Lucrece*, in the commencing verses of a laudatory address prefixed to "*Willobie his Avisa*," 1594. In the same year the author of an Elegy on Lady Helen Branch included among "our greater poetes":—"*You that have writ of Chaste Lucretia*": Drayton's reference, in his *Matilda*, also in 1594, may have been to a play on the subject, as, in all probability, was Heywood's allusion in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. Heywood's play on *Lucrece* is not de-

"A Lover's Complaint." This "Complaint" was first printed in 1609, at the end of the volume of "Sonnets."

In all probability the poem belongs to about the same period as "*The Rape of Lucrece*"; it is written in the same metre. Francis Meres may possibly have included it in his suggestive "*et cetera,*" when he enumerated the poems of "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare."

The framework of "*A Lover's Complaint,*" its picturesqueness, versification, diction, repression, tenderness, and beauty, give to it a thoroughly Spenserian character, and convey the impression that we have here an early exercise in the Spenserian style; as such the poem links itself ultimately to the exquisite "Complaints" of Spenser's great master, Geoffrey Chaucer, with their ruthful burden:—"*Pitë is dede and buried in gentil herte.*" *

The Phœnix and the Turtle. This poem first appeared in a collection published by Robert Chester in 1601, under the following descriptive title:—

void of merit. In 1595 the following words are found in the margin of a curious volume, entitled *Polimanteia*, published at Cambridge:—"*All praise worthy Lucrecia Sweet Shakspeare.*"

Sir John Suckling's "supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears" appears at first sight to commence with two six-line stanzas, representing a different and perhaps earlier recension of *Lucrece*, but this is doubtful, and in all probability the alterations were Sir John Suckling's, the verses being derived from one of the books of Elegant Extracts, *e.g.* "*England's Parnassus.*"

* Spenser's volume entitled "*Complaints: containing Sundry Small Poems of the World's Vanity,*" was published in 1591: *cp.* the following opening lines of "*The Ruins of Time*" with "*A Lover's Complaint*":—

"A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks like wiry gold,
About her shoulders carelessly down trailing,
And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing;
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven she seemed on high to weld."

"*Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies, being the first essay of a new British poet; collected out of diverse authentical Records. To these are added some new compositions, of several modern writers whose names are subscribed to their several works, upon the first subject: viz., the Phœnix and Turtle.*"

The following title prefaces these new compositions:—

"HEREAFTER | FOLLOW DIVERSE | Poeticall Essaies on the former sub- | ject; viz. the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*. *Done by the best and chiefest of our* | moderne writers with their names sub- | scribed to their particular works: | *never before extant*: | And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, | *to the love and merit of the true-noble Knight,* | Sir John Salisburie. | *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* MDCI."

The genuineness of the contribution with Shakespeare's name subscribed is now generally admitted, though no successful attempt has yet been made to explain the allegory, nor is any light thrown upon it by the other poems in the collection; among the contributors, in addition to Shakespeare, were Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. In all probability the occasion and subject of the whole collection, which has so long baffled patient research, will some day be discovered, and Shakespeare's meaning will be clear. It would seem from the title-page that the private family history of Sir John Salisbury ought to yield the necessary clue to the events. There is not much to be said in favour of the view that the *Phœnix* shadows forth Queen Elizabeth, and the *Turtle-dove* typifies "the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second Earl of

Essex." * On the other hand, the problem is not settled by describing the allegory as "the delineation of spiritual union," and refusing to recognize the personal allegory.†

Emerson's words,‡ uttered some twenty years ago, may well bear repetition:—"I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay,* and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem."

> "Now yield your aids, . . light my weaker eye, . .
> That whilst of this same Metaphysical,
> God, man, nor woman, but elix'd of all,
> My labouring thoughts with strained ardour sing,
> My muse may mount with an uncommon wing."

Cp. Dr. Grosart's edition of *Love's Martyr* (*New Shak. Soc.* 1878); *vide* also the same scholar's remarks in his privately printed scarce Elizabethan books, *Manchester,* 1880, etc.; *cp.* Transactions of *New Shak. Soc.*

† *Cp.* Halliwell-Phillipps' Outlines, vol. i. 191.

‡ Preface to *Parnassus,* 1875.

To the

RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

Earle of Southhampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

THE loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: whereof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duety would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius

Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

The Rape of Lucrece.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her hubsand's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves and cares and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
That one for all or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charms,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

'O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I 'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus graceless holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'she took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case:
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say 'This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact;
How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart, poor citizen! distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquered fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I 'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she: 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say
He learn'd to sin and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he: 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, thou most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels, and when that decays
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced,
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless barns the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help, but Sin ne'er gives a fee;
He gratis comes, and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are:
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient raven's wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afeard to stratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still
With too much labor drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I 'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I 'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I 'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it":
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery,
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords to blame
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less,
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be called a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink and pen:
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begrimed with sweat and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces,
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear
Griped in an armed hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I 'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow:
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and purjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look';
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed: so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger come back
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me moe woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I 'll murder straight, and then I 'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

'What is the quality of my offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame hereafter living
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She 's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
Replies her husband: 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife;
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disguis
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife!'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow,
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

A Lover's Complaint.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried ' O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here! '
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

' Father,' she says, ' though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pierced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue,
All kinds of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchante
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd:
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

' Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry " It is thy last."

' For further I could say " This man's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

' And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: " Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

' " All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains
By how much of me their reproach contains.

'"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

'"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

'"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality.

'"The diamond, why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

'"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

'"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

'"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

'"But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

'"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

'"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

'"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

'"When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How boldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.

'" Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with feeble groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here!
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swounding paleness: and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swound at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell, and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!'

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

The Phœnix and Turtle.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

Glossary.

Accorded, agreed; Comp. 3.
Acture, action; Comp. 185.
Address'd, prepared, ready; 1606.
Adjunct; "be adj.," follow as a consequence; 133.
Advance, raise; 1705.
Advisedly, deliberately; 180, 1527, 1816.
Affection's, passion's; 500.
Allow, approve; 1845.
All-too-timeless, altogether unseasonable; 44.
Aloes, bitterness; Comp. 273.
Anatomiz'd, laid open, shown distinctly; 1450.
Annexions, additions; Comp. 208.
Antics, fantastic shapes (Quartos, "*antiques*"); 459.
Appaid, satisfied; 914.
Ardea, capital of the Rutuli, twenty-four miles south of Rome; 1.
Arrive, reach; 781.
As, that; 1372.
Askance, turn aside; 637.
Assay, essay, try; Comp. 156.
Assays, attempts; 1720.
Astonish'd, astounded; 1730.

Balk, disregard, neglect; 696.
Ban, curse; 1460.
Bare, bareness; Comp. 95.
Barns, stores up; 859.
Bat, staff; Comp. 64.
Bateless, not to be blunted; 9.
Beguil'd, rendered guileful; 1544.
Beldam, grandmother; 953.
Bescems, becomes; 277.
Bewray'd, exposed; 1698.
Blasts, is blasted; 49.
Blazon'd, interpreted; Comp. 217.
Blend, blended; Comp. 215.
Blood, passion; Comp. 162.
Blossoms, flower of the young nobility; Comp. 235.
Blunt, rude, rough; 1504.
Boll'n, swollen; 1417.
Bond, claim given by a bond, ownership; 136.
Braving, challenging; 40.
Bulk, chest; 467.
Burdenwise, as in the burden of a song; 1133.
But, except; Ph. 32.

Can, knows; Ph. 14.
Capitol; 1835. (The annexed figure depicts the renowned temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill.)
Careless; "c. hand of pride," *i.e.* hand of careless pride; Comp. 30.
Case, dress; Comp. 116.
Cautels, deceits; Comp. 303.

Champaign, open country; 1247.
Chaps, wrinkles (early Quartos, "chops"); 1452.
Characters, figures; Comp. 16.
Cheer, face, look; 264.
Cherubin, cherub; Comp. 319.
Cipher, decipher; 811.
Civil, decorous; Comp. 298.
Cleft, double, two-fold; Comp. 293.
Coat, coat-of-arms; 205.
Cockatrice, basilisk; 540.
Colour, pretext; 267.



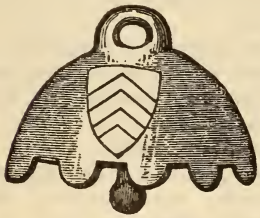
Comfortable, comforting; 164.
Commends, commits; 436.
Compare, comparison; 40.
Complain'd, bewailed; 1830.
Conceit, conception; 701, 1298.
Conceited, imaginative; 1371.
Conclusion, experiment; 1160.
Conduct, that which guides; 313.
Confound, ruin; 1202.
Congest, gather in one; Comp. 258.
Contrives, devises (? wears away, spends); Comp. 243.
Controll'd, restrained; 448.
Convertite, convert, penitent; 743.
Cop'd, encountered, met; 99.
Copesmate, companion; 925.
Coucheth, causes to cower, 507.
Counterfeit, image; 1269.
Credent, credulous; Comp. 279.
Crest-wounding, staining the family crest; 828.
Cries, cries for; Comp. 42.
Curious, careful; Comp. 49.

Daff'd, doffed, put off; Comp. 297.
Dash, mark of infamy; 206.
Deathsman, executioner; 1001.
Defunctive, funereal; Ph. 14.
Deprive, take away; 1186.
Descant'st, singest; 1134.
Diapason, deep notes harmoniously accompanying high ones; 1132.
Digression, transgression; 202.
Dismount, lower ("alluding to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a rest," Malone); Comp. 281.
Dispense with, excuse; 1070.
Distract, disjoined; Comp. 231.
Done, ended; 23.
——, past, lost; Comp. 11.
Dumps, mournful lays; 1127.

Ecstasy, excitement; Comp. 69.
Effects, outward manifestations (? efficacies); 1555.
Element, sky; 1588.

Enpatron; "e. me," are my patron saint; Comp. 224.
Ensue, follow; 502.
Exclaiming on, crying out against; 741.
Extincture, extinction; Comp. 294.

Fact, deed (perhaps criminal deed); 349.
Falcon's bell; 511. A specimen of such a bell, bearing the nobleman-owner's arms, is here reproduced from an engraving by Fairholt.

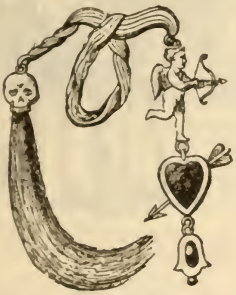


Fails, lets fall; 1551.
Fancy's, love's; 200.
Fear, the object of his fear; 308.
Feast-finding, attending banquets; 817.
Feat, featly, dexterously; Comp. 48.
Fence, defend; 63.
Field (perhaps with a play upon its heraldic use); 72.
Fiery-pointed, "throwing darts with points of fire" (Steevens, "*firey-pointed*"); 372.
Fine, bring to an end (?) refine, soften; 936.
Fluxive, flowing, weeping; Comp. 50.
Foil, setting, background; Comp. 153.
Folly, wantonness; 851.
Fond, foolishly fond; 134.
Fondly, foolishly; 207.
Force; "of f.," perforce; Comp. 223.
Force not, regard not, care not for; 1021.
Forestall, prevent; 728.
For why, because; 1222.
Frets, the stops that regulated the vibration of the strings in musical instruments; 1140.
From; "fr. the way," *i.e.* "out of the way"; 1144.
Fulfill'd, filled full; 1258.

Gage, stake; 144.
Gaze; "at g.," staring about; 1149.
Gentry, gentle birth; 569.
Government, self-control; 1400.
Graff, graft; 1062.
Grained, of rough wood; Comp. 64.
Grave, engrave; 755.
Gripe's, griffins; 543.

Havings, accomplishments; Comp. 235.
Heartless, bereft of all courage; 471.
Helpless, unavailing; 1027.
Hild, held (rhyming with "*fulfill'd*"); 1257.
His, its; 303.
Hive, a kind of bonnet, resembling a hive; Comp. 8.

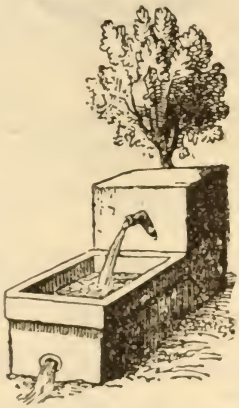
Ill, wickedness; 304.
Imaginary, imaginative; 1422.
Immur'd, shut up in a cloister (Quarto "*enure*," rhyming with "*procure*"); Comp. 251.
Impleach'd, entwin'd; "hair with twisted metal amorously impleach'd"; Comp. 205. (*Cp.* the annexed engraving of such an ornament. The lock of hair is that of Mary Queen of Scots, and the relic is preserved by the descendants of the Earl of Huntly, to whom she gave it.)



Instance; "guilty i.," *i.e.* "token of guilt"; 1511.
Intending, pretending; 121.
Intituled, having a claim; 57.
Intrude, invade, enter; 848.
Invis'd, invisible (? inspected, tried); Comp. 212.

Ken, sight; 1114.
Kind, natural; 1423.
Kinds, natures; 1242.

Late, lately; 1801.
Laundering, wetting; Comp. 17.
Lawn, fine linen; 258.
Lectures, lessons; 618.
Leisures, leisure hours; Comp. 193.
Let, forbear; 10.
——, hinder; 328.
Levell'd (technical term for aiming a gun); Comp. 22.
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling; 1234. The simile is illustrated by the annexed engraving from the XIVth century Lancelot romance, preserved in the National Library at Paris.



Limed, ensnared by bird-lime; 88.
Linen, linen kerchief; 680.
Lust, pleasure; 1384.
Lust-breathed, animated by lust; 3.
Luxury, lust; Comp. 314.

Map, picture, image; 402.
Margents, margins; 102.
Maund, hand-basket; Comp. 36.
Maze; 1151. The famous Cretan labyrinth was often depicted on gold pieces, as in the accompanying illustration of a coin of Cnossus.

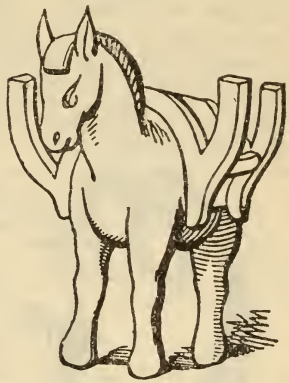


Mermaid, siren; 1411.
Moe, more; 1479.
Moity, portion; Dedic. to Luc.
Moralize, interpret; 104.
Mortality; "life's m.," *i.e.* "mortal, human life"; 403.
Mot, motto; 830.

Napkin, handkerchief; Comp. 15.
Needle (monosyllabic); 319.
Nice, skilful; 1412.
Night-waking, awake at night; 554.
Note, notoriety; Comp. 233.
Nought to do, nothing to do with; 1092.

On; "on ringing," *i.e.* "a-ringing"; 1494.
Orchards, gardens; Comp. 171.
Orts, scraps; 985.
Outwards, external features; Comp. 80.
Oversee, superintend; 1205.
Overseen, bewitched; 1206.
Owe, own, have; 82.
Owed, owned; 1803.

Pack-horse; 928. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a terra-cotta figure found at Moulins-sur-Allier, France.

Painted cloth, canvas painted with figures, mottoes, or moral sentences, used for hangings for rooms; 245. (*Cp.* illustration p. 185.)
Paled, pale (Quarto, "palyd"); Comp. 198.
Palmers', pilgrims'; 791.
Parling, speaking; 100.
Peace; "love's arms are p." so Quarto, *i.e.* non-resistant, accepting all consequences; Malone, "*proof,*" etc.) Comp. 271.



This representation of a meeting between Death and a fop is a copy of a painting formerly preserved in the Hungerford Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral. The dialogue between the characters is painted on the labels over their heads.

Peers, lets peer, shows; 472.
Pelleted, rounded; Comp. 18.
Pelt, throw out angry words; 1418.
Pensiv'd, pensive; Comp. 219.
Perplex'd, bewildered; 733.
Philomel, the nightingale; 1079.
Phœnix, matchless, rare; Comp. 93.
Phrascless, baffling description; Comp. 225.
Plaining, complaining; 559.
Plaits, folds; 93.
Plausibly, willingly; 1854.
Point'st, appointest; 879.
Posied, inscribed with posies; Comp. 45. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a specimen found at Arreton, Isle of Wight.

Precedent, example; 1261.
Present, instant; 1263.
Pretended, intended; 576.
Prick, dial-point; 781.
Prime, spring; 331.
Prone, headlong; 684.
Proof, experience; Comp. 163.
Property, individuality; Ph. 37.
Proportion'd, regular, orderly; 774.
Purified, purged, rendered harmless; 532.
Purl'd, curled; 1407.

Qualified, softened, abated; 424.
Questioned, conversed; 122.
Quittal, requital; 236.
Quote, observe; 812.

Rate, chide; 304.
Receipt, what has been received; 703.
Regard, thought, deliberation; 1400.
Relish, serve up as a relish; 1126.
Remember'd; "be r.." remember; 607.
Remorseless, pitiless; 562.
Rents, rends; Comp. 55.

Repeal, recall; 640.
Replication, repartee; Comp. 122.
Requiring, asking; Argum. to Luc.
Respect, prudent consideration; 275.
Retires, draws back; 303.
Retiring, returning; 962.
Rigol, circle; 1745.
Ruffle, noise, brawls; Comp. 58.

Saw, maxim; 244.
Sawn, sown; Comp. 91.
Scapes, transgressions; 747.
Seated, situated; 1144.
Securely, unsuspiciously; 89.
Seeks to, applies to; 293.
Seeming; "s. owed," *i.e.* which he seemed to possess; Comp. 327.
Senseless, i.e. "not sensible of the wrong done it"; 820.
Shames, is ashamed; 1084.
Shaming, being ashamed; 1143.
Sheav'd, straw; Comp. 31.
Shift, trickery; 920.
Shifting, (?) cozening; 930.
Sightless, blind, dark; 1013.
Silly, harmless, innocent; 167.
Simois, the river so often referred to by Homer; 1437.
Slanderous, disgraceful; 1001.
Sleided, untwisted; Comp. 48.
Smoothing, flattering; 892.
Sneaped, nipped, frost-bitten; 333.
Sort, sort out, select; 899.
Sorts, adapts; 1221.
Springs, young shoots; 950.
Stell'd, placed, fixed; 1444.
Still-pining, ever-longing; 858.
Still-slaughter'd, ever killed but never dying; 188.
Stole, robe; Comp. 297.
Stops (alluding to the stops in a musical instrument); 1124.
Strange, foreign; 1242.
Suffer, permit; 1832.
Suggested, incited; 37.
Supposed, imagined (by them); 377.
Surcease, cease; 1766.
Surmise, reflection, thought; 83.
Swiftest; "the s. hour," the prime of life; Comp. 60.
Swounds, swoons; 1486.

Talents, lockets made of hair, plaited and set in gold; Comp. 204. *Cp.* s.v. *impleach'd.*
Teen, pain; Comp. 192.
Temperance, chastity; 884.
Tender, favour; 534.
Termless, indescribable; Comp. 94.
Than (rhyming with "*began*"), then; 1440.
That, so that; 177.
Thick, fast; 1784.
Think (?) = methinks; Comp. 91.
Thorough, through, throughout; 1851.
Threne, threnody, funeral song; Ph. 49.
To, in addition to; 1589.
Towering, flying high (a term of falconry); 506.
Treble-dated, living thrice as long as man; Ph. 17.
Trumpet, trumpeter; Ph. 3.

Unadvised, inadvertent; 1488.
Unapproved, not approved, not proved true; Comp. 53.
Uncouth, strange; 1598.
Unhappy, mischievous, fatal; 1565.
Unrecalling, not to be recalled; 993.

Vastly, take a waste; 1740.
Villain, countryman; 1338.

Want; "to w.," *i.e.* "at missing"; 389.
Ward, bolt; 303.
Watch; "w. of woes," *i.e.* "divided and marked only by woes"; 928.
Water-galls, secondary rainbows; 1588.
Weed, garment; 196.
Where, whereas; 792.
Winking, shutting the eyes; 458.
Winks, shuts the eyes, slumbers; 553.
Wipe, brand; 537.
Wistly, wistfully; 1355.
Woodman, huntsman; 580.
Wot; "God w.," *i.e.* "God knows"; 1345.
Wrapp'd, involved; 456.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

LUCRECE: 8. '*unhappily*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3. '*vnhap'ly.*'

24. '*morning's*'; Quarto 1 (Bodl. 1), '*morning.*'

31. '*apologies*'; Quarto 1 (Bodl. 1), '*appologie.*'

56. '*o'er*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*ore*'; Quarto 4, '*or'e*'; Malone (1780), '*or*' (*i.e.* gold).

134-136. Many emendations have been proposed to render clear the meaning of these lines, but no change is necessary: "the covetous have not, *i.e.* do not possess, that which they possess, longing for the possessions of others"; the second clause of line 135 is in apposition to the first.

195. '*let*'; Schmidt conj. '*lest.*'

239. '*ay, if*'; early Quartos, '*I, if.*'

637. *i.e.* "who, in consequence of their own misdeeds, look with indifference on the offences of others" (Schmidt).

649. '*debt*'; early Quartos '*det*' (rhyming with '*fret*'): similarly line 696, '*balk*'; Quartos, '*bauk*' (rhyming with '*hawk*').

782. '*misty*'; Quartos 1, 2, '*mustie.*'

841. '*guilty*'; Malone, '*guiltless,*' but no change is necessary; Lucrece's self-reproach at first assigns the guilt to herself.

930. Perhaps we should read, '*injurious-shifting Time.*'

939. '*Time's glory is . . .*' *Veritas filia temporis* was a favourite motto in the sixteenth century, as is seen from the engravings on page 189 (1) of the reverse of a silver groat issued by Queen Mary, and (2) of a design found in Whitney's *Emblems* (1586).

1134. '*descant'st*'; Quartos, '*descants.*'

1338. '*court'sies*'; Quartos, '*cursies.*'

1662. '*wretched*'; S. Walker conj. '*wreathed.*'

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT: 12. '*scythed*'; Quarto, '*sithed.*'

37. '*beaded*'; Quarto, '*bedded*' (? = "imbedded, set").

39. '*weeping margent*'; Malone conj. '*margent weeping.*'

51. ''*gan to tear*'; Quarto, '*gaue to teare*'; Gildon, '*gave a tear.*'

60. '*observed as they flew*'; the clause is probably connected with 'hours'; "the reverend man had not let the swift hours

pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world"; it is possible, however, that '*they*' refers to the torn-up letters.

112. '*manage*'; Quarto, '*mannad'g.*'

118. '*came*'; Sewell's correction; Quarto, '*can*'; Sewell's 2nd ed. '*can for additions get their purpose trim.*'

182. '*woo*'; Quarto, '*vow.*'

164. '*sweets that seem*'; Quarto, '*sweets that seemes*'; Capell MS. '*sweet that seems.*'

228. '*Hallow'd*'; Quarto, '*hollowed*'; Sewell's correction.

241. '*playing the place*'; some error due to the printer has spoilt the line; the first word of the line has been caught up by the compositor's eye from the first of the next line, or *vice versâ*; the most ingenious and plausible emendation is '*paling*' for '*playing.*'

260. '*nun*'; Quarto, '*Sunne.*'

261. '*ay*'; Quarto, '*I.*'

271. '*Love's arms are peace*'; so Quarto; Capell MS. and Malone conj. '*proof*' for '*peace,*' a plausible change, if any is necessary; other readings are:—'*Love aims at peace*'; '*Love charms our peace*'; '*Love aims a piece,*' etc.

286. '*who glaz'd with crystal gate*'; Malone, '*who, glaz'd with crystal, gate*' (*i.e. gate* = "the ancient perfect tense of the verb *to get*," *flame* being its object).

308. '*swound*'; Quarto, '*sound*' *cp.* 305, '*swounding*'; Quarto, '*sounding.*'



(2)



(1)

'*Time's glory is to . . . bring Truth to light,*' (939, 40).

SONNETS.



SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T* and are
to be ſolde by *william Aſpley.*
1609.



"The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill"

SONNET CXLIV

SONNETS.

Preface.

The First Edition. On May 20th, 1609, "*a booke called Shakespeares Sonnettes*" was entered on the Stationers' Register, and soon after was published, in quarto, with the following title-page:—

"SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. ELD* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *William Aspley*. | 1609. | "* (*cp. fac-simile* on opposite page.)

At the end of the Sonnets was printed, for the first time, the poem entitled "A LOVERS COMPLAINT."

The text of the Sonnets was, on the whole, carefully printed, but evidently without the author's supervision; thus, *e.g.* Sonnet CXXVI., a twelve-line *Envoi*, was marked by parentheses at the end, as though two lines were missing; similarly, the final couplet of Sonnet XCVI. may have been borrowed from Sonnet XXXVI.

In 1640 Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, re-arranged under various titles (with the omission of XVIII., XIX., XLIII., LVI., LXXV., LXXVI., XCVI., CXXVI.), were included in "POEMS: WRITTEN BY WIL. SHAKESPEARE, Gent. Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and

* Some copies have the name of "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate," as the bookseller, instead of "William Aspley."

A facsimile of the "*Sonnets*" was issued among the "*Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles*" (No. 30).

The original selling price of the "*Sonnets*" was 5d. A perfect copy would, probably, now fetch £500.

are to be sold by *John Benson*, dwelling in St. *Dunstanes* Churchyard 1640."

It is strange that there should have been no edition between 1609 and 1640; perhaps Benson's protestation that "the Reader" will find them "Seren, cleere, and eligantly plain, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe the brain, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence," best explains the prevailing opinion on the subject of the poems. Mr. Publisher "protests too much" against the alleged obscurity of the Sonnets.*

One hundred years after the appearance of the First Edition, the Sonnets were first republished, by Lintot, as originally printed; about the same time Gildon issued a new edition of the 1640 version, under the heading of "*Poems on several occasions.*"

The Sequence of the Sonnets. The Sonnets, as printed in 1609, present on the whole an orderly arrangement, though here and there it is somewhat difficult to find the connecting links. If it could be proved that any one Sonnet is out of place, the whole chain would perhaps be spoilt, but no such "broken link" can be adduced.†

The Sonnet-Sequence consists of three main sections: —A. Sonnets I.-CXXVI.; B. Sonnets CXXVII.-CLII.;

* Probably no weight is to be attached to Benson's statement that the poems are "of the same purity the Author himself then living avouched."

† Mr. Rolfe, in his *Addenda* to the "*Sonnets*," contrasts Sonnet LXX. with Sonnets XXXIII.-XXXVI. (to say nothing of XL.-XLII.); if these Sonnets, he observes, are addressed to the same person, Sonnet LXX. is unquestionably out of place. This seems so at first sight; but surely the faults referred to in the earlier Sonnets are not only forgiven, but here (in LXX.) imputed to slander; or, as Mr. Tyler puts it, "such an affair as that with the poet's mistress was not regarded, apparently, as involving serious moral blemish." Anyhow the statement in the Sonnet is somewhat too flattering, but its position dare not be disturbed.

C. Sonnets CLIII.-CLIV.; Sections A and B are closely connected; Section C may be a sort of Epilogue to B, but it is more probably an independent exercise in sonneteering, based on a Latin version of a Greek Epigram found in the ninth book of the Anthology, composed by Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ:—

"Τᾷδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἀπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ
εὗδεν Ἔρως, νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλησι, 'τί μέλλομεν; αἴθε δε τούτῳ
σβέσσαμεν,' εἶπόν, 'ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.
Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ." *

The Drama of the Sonnet. The general theme of the Sonnets is the poet's almost idolatrous love for a younger friend, a noble and beauteous youth, beloved for his own sweet sake, not for his exalted rank; this unselfish, whole-hearted, and soul-absorbing devotion passes through various stages of doubt, distrust, infidelity, jealousy, and estrangement; after the period of trial, love is again restored, stronger and greater than before:—

"O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

"Friendship Triumphant" is the story unfolded in Sonnets I.-CXXVI. Love between man and man, tri-

* "Here beneath the plane trees, overborne by soft sleep, Love slumbered, giving his torch to the Nymphs' keeping; and the Nymphs said to one another, 'Why do we delay? and would that with this we might have quenched the fire in the heart of mortals.' But now, the torch having kindled even the waters, the amorous Nymphs pour hot water thence into the bathing pool." Mackail, *Select Epigrams.* (On the source of the two Sonnets, *cp.* Hertzberg, *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1878.) A Latin rendering is found in *Selecta Epigrammata*; Basel, 1529.

umphing over the love of man for woman, was no uncommon theme in Elizabethan literature. The dénouement of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* turns upon it, while Lyly's *Campaspe* (pub. 1584) illustrates the same truth:—Alexander the Great and Apelles, the most famed of Grecian painters, were intimate friends; their friendship was well-nigh wrecked through a woman's charms; the painter became enamoured of the monarch's mistress while painting her likeness, but Alexander generously cancelled his claim; his friendship for the painter was greater than his love for the fair captive.

The Sonnet-drama seems to have many points in common with Lyly's Court-play; instead of the painter of "Venus Anadyomene," we have the poet of "Venus and Adonis"; instead of magnanimity on the part of the high-born and exalted friend, it is the wronged poet who bears forgivingly "the strong offence's cross"; instead of a ravishingly beautiful woman, we have a dark-eyed Circe, the reverse of beautiful, bewitching men by the magic of her eyes; a dark-haired, pale-cheeked siren, drawing her victims despite their knowledge of her wiles; a very Cleopatra in strength, intellect and hedonism.

As in the drama, so in the Sonnets, the chief actors are three in number; the poet is, however, the hero; the friend and the woman are the good and evil angels:—

> *"Two loves I have of comfort and despair,*
> *Which like two spirits do suggest me still;*
> *The better angel is a man right fair,*
> *The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill."*

This, then, is the keynote of the whole sequence: the first section (I.-CXXVI.) is occupied mainly with the "man right fair," the second (CXXVII.-CLII.) concerns the "woman colour'd ill," to whom passing allusion is evidently made in Sonnets XXX.-XXXV., etc.; the poet's picture of his *Campaspe* needed a special section for itself; he gives us no fancy picture, but one evidently drawn from life (*cp.* CXXVII.-CXLIV., etc.).

Noteworthy Points. (i) Although the first one hundred and twenty-six Sonnets form one whole, it is quite clear that they sub-divide into smaller groups, though in very few instances does a Sonnet stand by itself, unconnected with what goes before or with what follows. Thus I.-XXVI. is a series of Sonnets forming, at is were, a single poetical epistle urging his friend to marry; XXVII.-XXXII. seem to form another such epistle, dealing with friendship in absence; XXXIII.-XLII. tell of love's first disillusioning; love's willing pain, self-denial, and forgiveness; XLIII.-LV. express friendship's fears during separation. Similarly, the remaining Sonnets of the series may be more or less accurately grouped; the most striking of the remaining groups is probably C.-CXXV., which gives the impression of having been added after the so-called Sonnet CXXVI. had been written; if this were so, Shakespeare's original intention was to compose a Century of Sonnets, following the example of the poet Watson, the author of "*Hekatompathia, the Passionate Century of Love.*" (*Cp. Analytical Chart.*)

(ii) These various poetical epistles probably represent intervals of time; but there are also more direct indications of the time covered by the poems; the most important of these indications is to be found in Sonnet CIV. (where a three years' space is alluded to; compare with the earier Sonnets, *e.g.* XXXIII. "*he was but one hour mine*"). Time-indications are also perhaps to be found in the references to particular seasons in some of the Sonnets.

(iii) Certain Sonnets are suggestive of historical allusions, notably CVII. and CXXIV., though it may at present be difficult to explain with certainty the events referred to.

(iv.) One of the most striking features of the Sonnets is the poet's oft-repeated belief in the immortality of his poems (*e.g.* LV., LXIII., LXXXI., etc.): he was evidently following Horace's excellent precedent ("*exegi*

monumentum ære perennius") in making his proud claim:—

> *"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments*
> *Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."*

(v.) Side by side with this exultation we have the poet's sense of humiliation arising from his connexion with the common stage (*cp.* XXIX.).

(vi.) Lastly, among the most noteworthy points on the very surface of the Sonnets, there is the poet's sensitiveness, showing itself in many forms, now in his passionate devotion, now in his regard for his reputation (CXXI), now in his jealous resentment of any rival near the throne of his love.

Who was the Rival Poet? Sonnets LXXIX.-LXXXVI. obviously refer to some particular poet. Various solutions have been advanced. Marlowe, Drayton, Daniel, have each been put forward, but no satisfactory case has been made out for any of them. In all probability George Chapman is the poet referred to and characterised. In the dedication to his poem called *The Shadow of Night* (published in 1594) occur the following words:—"Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so nightly pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others *but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls like a heavenly familiar;*" these words seem almost re-echoed in Shakespeare's bantering allusion to "*that affable familiar ghost," etc.* "Chapman,"* as Minto well observed, "was a man of overpowering enthusiasm, ever eager in magnifying poetry, and advancing fervent claims to supernatural inspiration."

"*The proud full sail of his great verse*" recalls Keats's

* *Cp. Characteristics of English Poets,* pp. 222, 223, where the suggestion was first made that Chapman was the poet in question.

famous sonnet, "*On first looking into Chapman's Homer*"*:—

> "*Then felt I like some watcher of the skies*
> *When a new planet swims into his ken;*
> *Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes*
> *He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men*
> *Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—*
> *Silent, upon a peak in Darien.*"

The Date of Composition. The *Sonnets* were first printed in the year 1609; "*The Passionate Pilgrim*," published in 1599, contained two Sonnets found in the 1609 volume (viz. CXXXVIII. and CXLIV.); Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, referred to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends," and the reference may be to the collection, or part of the collection, under consideration.† This sums up the direct evidence we possess. Seeing, however, that Shakespeare, in 1593, styled his *Venus and Adonis* "the first heir of my inven-

* Chapman first published seven books of the *Iliad* in 1598.

† Mr. Tyler (*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, p. 19) makes the ingenious suggestion that Sonnet LV., "*Not marble, nor the gilded monuments*," *etc.*, and more especially the line, "*Not Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn*," was suggested by Meres' reference to Shakespeare, etc.; the suggestion is certainly noteworthy:—

"As Ovid saith of his worke:—

'*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas:'

And as Horace saith of his,—

'*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*,' etc.

So say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's, and Warner's workes:—

'*Non Jovis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus.*
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.'

Et quamquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus evertendum tres illi Dii conspirabunt, cronus, Volcanus, et pater ipse gentis:—

'*Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,*
Æternum potuit hoc abolere dieus.'"

tion," and that the poem on the *Rape of Lucrece* appeared the following year, it is perhaps fair to assume that 1594 may be the "*terminus a quo*" for the Sonnets.* Again we have the closest link between the Sonnets and the early love-plays, with their love-intrigues, their dark beauty (*e.g.* Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*), their sonnet-dialogue, their dominating thought:—

> "*Never durst poet touch a pen to write*
> *Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs.*"
> (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 547.)

No long interval could have separated "*Romeo and Juliet*" and Sonnet CXVI., the poet's epitaph for the golden tomb raised to the lovers by their loveless kin,—the very epitome of all the Songs and Stories of Romantic Passion that we have heard or read.

On the other hand, there are notes in the Sonnets suggestive of plays of a somewhat later period (*e.g.* Sonnets LXVI.-LXXIV. recall *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*): this note of introspection and melancholy must not be pressed too far, seeing that, even in the earliest plays, the clouds often darken suddenly.

We may perhaps assume that the earliest Sonnets belong to about 1595. If Sonnet CIV. were taken strictly, the period covered would be (*circa*) 1595—(*circa*) 1598. The date, however, cannot be definitely fixed until we are in possession of some of the facts underlying the poems. True, Shakespeare seems to have unlocked his heart in these Sonnets, but the key to their secret history has been lost; patient labour may have recovered it; yet we cannot be sure; too often, perhaps, we merely force the lock.†

* In XCIV. occurs the well-known line, "*Lillies that fester smell far worse than weeds,*" which is also found in the Shakespearian play of Edward III., written probably in 1594, and entered on the books of the Stationers' Registers, Dec. 1st, 1595.

† It is impossible in this short preface to sketch, however briefly, the history of the interpretation of the Sonnets; according to some critics they are allegorical exercises, according to others

To whom were the Sonnets addressed? The world of scholars may be said to be divided into Herbertists and Southamptonites; the former are staunch supporters of the claims advanced on behalf of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; the latter maintain the prior claims of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

At the present moment the star of William Herbert is in the ascendant. Many a former ally of Southampton has rallied round the banner unfurled by Herbert's redoubtable champion, Mr. Thomas Tyler.*

William Herbert's claims. William Herbert was born on April 8, 1580; in the spring of the year 1598 he came to reside permanently in London. Evidence exists that he was averse to marriage; he was, however, no misogynist. His intrigue with a notorious Mistress Mary Fitton has much in common with "the sensual fault" of "the better angel" of the *Sonnets*. The scandal belonged to 1600-1.

The Herbertists assign the Sonnets to the years 1598-1601; the historical allusions in Sonnets CVII., CXXIV., are referred by them to the rebellion of Essex (1601); they maintain that nothing in the Sonnets invalidates their claims.

Furthermore, they rightly call attention to the fact that to William Herbert, together with his brother Philip, "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren," was dedi-

partly personal, and partly dramatic (*cp.* Massey's "*Secret Drama of the Sonnets*"); the weightiest authorities support the view that the Sonnets express Shakespeare's "own feelings in his own person." (A summary of the various theories will be found in Prof. Dowden's edition of the *Sonnets*, 1881.)

*"*Shakespeare's Sonnets, edited by* Thomas Tyler" (David Nutt, 1890) contains a thorough investigation of William Herbert's alleged connection with the Sonnets, together with a full account of Mary Fitton, and an admirable commentary; the arguments throughout the volume are based on careful investigation; the present writer, though he cannot assent to the theory, cannot withhold his recognition of the excellence of the book.

cated the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's plays by Heminge & Condell, in 1623; and it is there stated that the two brothers prosecuted the plays and "their Authour living with much favour."

Finally, it is alleged that Sonnets CXXXV., CXXXVI., CXLIII., afford conclusive evidence that the poems were addressed to "*Will*."

The case against Herbert. According to the Herbertists the earliest date for any of the Sonnets must be 1598; but in that year Francis Meres refers to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends"; it might indeed be argued that the reference is not to the present poems; but Meres also refers to Shakespeare's pre-eminence as a writer of comedies and tragedies, and instances six plays in each department. In Sonnet XVI., however, which Herbert's supporters assign to 1598, Shakespeare alludes to his "pupil pen." Is it likely he would have done so at that date?

Again, in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, published in 1599, we find Sonnets CXXXVIII. and CXLIV. Is it likely that between the spring of 1598 (when Herbert, a youth of eighteen, first came to town) and at latest some time in 1599 (when Jaggard piratically obtained what were probably two of the Sonnets that Meres had referred to), Shakespeare and young Herbert had not only become friends, not only had their friendship ripened, but that the drama of their friendship had developed to the point indicated by the two Sonnets in question?

The first group of Sonnets (X.-XXVI.) link themselves unmistakeably to the poems of "*Venus and Adonis*" and "*Lucrece*." How do the Herbertists account for Shakespeare's strange return in 1598 to his earlier mood and style?

The alleged references to "*Will*" as the name of the favoured friend will not bear the test of examination. In each case the writer may be quibbling with his own name,

or playing on "*will*" and "*wish*" in true Elizabethan fashion.*

There is, further, one small point worthy of note. Shakespeare's pique at his friend's encouragement of another poet would hardly have been justifiable in the case of Herbert. The poet Daniel, who had been Herbert's tutor, and who was *par excellence* the poet of the Pembroke family, would have had the first place in his pupil's affection. The Sonnets in question certainly give the impression that Shakespeare was the first to receive encouragement from his patron, and that no other poet had prior claims.

Over and above all these doubts, tending to weaken the case of the Herbertists, there is the incontestable fact that the assignment of the Sonnets to Herbert gives the lie to Shakespeare's protestations of whole-hearted and exclusive devotion to his first patron, the Earl of Southampton, and convicts the poet of time-serving insincerity. What, then, becomes of his proud claim:—"*No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change?*"

Southampton's claims. Henry Wriothesley was born October 6, 1573. His father and brother both died before he had reached the age of twelve. After taking his degree at Cambridge, 1589, he came to London and entered Gray's Inn. He was the ward of Lord Burghley, and might not inaptly be described as "a child of state," brought up under the Queen. In 1593 *Venus and Adonis* appeared with its dedication to the young Lord; in 1594 *Lucrece* was published with its noteworthy declaration:—"*What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours.*"

About this time he became recognised as the patron of

* In the early comedies the quibble is often found, *e.g.*:— . . . ,
"*Silvia*] *What's your will?*
Proteus] *That I may compass yours.*
Silvia] *You have your wish; my will is ever this*, etc."
TWO GENTLEMEN, iv. 11.

learning and poetry (*cp.* Gabriel Harvey's *Letter,* with Sonnet to Southampton 1593; Markham's *Sir R. Grenville,* 1595; Peele's *Anglorum Feriæ,* 1595; Florio's *Dictionary,* 1596, *etc.*). In Sept., 1595, Southampton fell in love with Elizabeth Vernon, the Earl of Essex's cousin; his love cost him the Queen's favour, and involved him in a series of troubles. The marriage was hindered for about three years. During this time he was probably with Essex, as an unattached volunteer, at the attack at Cadiz, and did brave service against the Spaniards; owing, however, to false reports and misrepresentations, he received, as his reward, blame instead of praise from his unfriendly Sovereign; on March 17, 1598, Cecil introduced him, at Angers, to Henry IV., telling the King that Lord Southampton "was come with deliberation to do him service." His zeal was suddenly stopped by the Peace of Vervins, concluded in April of the same year; towards the end of the year he returned, and secretly married Elizabeth Vernon; his career during the remainder of the Queen's reign was fraught with misfortunes. He absented himself from the Court, and we hear of him in 1599 as "*passing his time in London merely in going to plays every day.*" His connexion with Essex's rebellion nearly cost him his life: the death-sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. His subsequent history under James I. does not directly concern us here; brief allusion must, however, be made to his release from the Tower at the King's accession. "These bountiful beginnings," wrote a contemporary, referring to the event, "raise all men's spirits and put them in great hopes." There was universal joy; poets welcomed him with verses; notably Samuel Daniel, and John Davies of Hereford; the panegyric of the former poet tells that:—

"The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone;
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame, than thy best fortunes could have won":

while the latter, addressing the Earl, sings of the happy change in men's affairs:—

> "*Then let 's be merry in our God and King,*
> *That made us merry, being ill bestadd:*
> *Southampton, up thy cap to Heaven fling,*
> *And on the viol their sweet praises sing;*
> *For he is come that grace to all doth bring.*"

Whatever may have been men's feelings towards the hapless Essex, it is certain that there was no little affectionate sympathy for one at least of the fool-hardy rebels, "*covered long with the ashes of great Essex his ruins.*" In their very jubilation there was silent disapproval of the Virgin Queen's petty tyranny towards her favourites. It is a significant fact that Shakespeare uttered no word of lament on the Queen's death; Chettle, in his *England's Mourning Garment* (1603), reproached him for his silence:—

> "Nor doth the silver tonguèd Melicert
> Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear
> *To mourn her death that gracèd his desert*
> *And to his laies opened her royall eare.*
> Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth
> And sing her rape done by that Tarquin, Death."

Mr. Gerald Massey* maintains that Sonnet CVII. was Shakespeare's written gratulation, welcoming his friend from "the gloom of a prison on his way to a palace, and the smile of a monarch." According to this quasi-Southamptonist, the eclipse of "*the mortal moon*" is an allusion to Elizabeth's death. The Herbertists, emphasising the word "*endured*," rightly point out that the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright, and refer the Sonnet to Essex's abortive attempt. But certainly a better case can be made out for a reference to the Peace of Vervins, 1598, which meant the ruin of Philip's projects in France, and the assertion of

* "*The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets*," p. 333.

English supremacy at sea; by it all danger from Spain quietly passed away:—

> *"Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,*
> *And peace proclaims olives of endless age."*

For five years England had been forced to aid Henry IV. with men and money, lest France might be turned into a Spanish dependency; it was indeed a time of "incertainties" for England. Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* * reflects the popular interest in Henry's affairs; while *The Comedy of Errors* (III. ii. 125-127) quibblingly alludes to France "*armed and reverted, making war against her hair*" (*i.e. heir*).

The "thralled discontent" of Sonnet CXXIV., which the Herbertists assign to 1601 and refer to the severe measures by which Essex's rebellion was put down, may perhaps refer to the growing feelings of discontent which were ultimately to find expression in insane revolt.

The whole Sonnet reads like a protestation on Shakespeare's part; though his friend, "the child of state," has suffered Fortune's spite,† the poet's love, being no child of state, fears no policy, and knows no change; it is indifferent alike to Fortune's smiles and Fortune's frowns.

This idea is continued in Sonnet CXXV.; friendship is founded neither on self-interest, nor on transitory attractions. The poet resents the bare thought that he valued pomp, grandeur and prosperity, and was merely a "fair-weather" friend‡:—

> *"No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,*
> *And take thou my oblation, poor but free,*
> *Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,*
> *But mutual render, only me for thee.*
> *Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul*
> *When most impeach'd stands least in thy control."*

* *Vide* Preface to "*Love's Labour's Lost.*"

† On Nov. 22nd, 1598, Southampton returned from the Continent; "for his welcome," we read, "he is committed to the Fleet."

‡ *Cp.* Sonnet XXV.

The Herbertists explain the poem as Shakespeare's apology for his defection from Southampton, "at this time suffering imprisonment as a convicted rebel!"

But in one of the Sonnets of the same group (CII.) the poet definitely identifies the friend addressed with the patron of his early poems:—

> *"Our love was new, and then but in the spring,*
> *When I was wont to greet it with my lays";*

while XXVI. almost echoes the *Lucrece* dedication.

According to the Southamptonites, Sonnets C.-CXXVI.* belong to the year 1598 (the Peace of Vervins was concluded in April; Southampton was away from February to November), Sonnet CIV. giving the period of the whole series as ranging from 1595 at earliest. As regards the interval between I.-XCIX. and C.-CXXVI., and the dates of the smaller groups, theorists are not at one. It is not unlikely that the first ninety-nine were written during 1595 (before September) and 1596 (before August, when Shakespeare's little Hamnet died). There would thus be a silence of about a year and a half, before Shakespeare stirred up his "forgetful Muse." In the interval some "vulgar scandal" had occurred, involving the poet's reputation, and to this he refers in CX.-CXII.; it is difficult to determine what this trouble actually was; the Oldcastle-Falstaff affair (*vide Henry IV. Preface*) would certainly suit so far as the date (1597) is concerned, but the matter seems to have been much more serious. A somewhat stronger case could perhaps be made out for the Herbertists' view, which connects the scandal with "the quarrel known as the *War of the theatres*," 1600-1. Neither theory will adequately explain the tone of Sonnet CXXI.

As regards the first group of Sonnets (I.-XXVI.), if they were written before Southampton had become

* Perhaps C.-CXXV. would be better; the *envoi* CXXVI. was perhaps originally the concluding poem of Sonnets I.-XCIX.

enamoured of Elizabeth Vernon, it is easy to understand the omission of further reference to the marriage theme in the subsequent Sonnets.*

Sonnets XL., XLII., (and Section B. CXXVII.-CLII. connected with them) must, according to the supporters of Southampton's claim, be referred to 1595. In connection with this early date it is perhaps fair to mention a curious publication of the year 1594, entitled "*Willobie his Avisa, or the true Picture of a Modest maid and of a Chaste and Constant Life,*" which tells how a young married woman, Avice, resists successively the wooing of a Frenchman, an Anglo-German, and an "*old player, W. S.*, who not long before tried the courtesy of the like passion"; finally H. W. ("Italo Hispalensis") becomes infected with a fantastical fit, and consults W. S., who gives him valuable advice. There can be no doubt that "Henry Willobie's" alleged authorship is a literary hoax, and that the publication contained matter of a satirical and perhaps libellous nature; hence in 1596 it was "called in" with Hall's *Satires* and Cutwode's *Caltha Poetarum*. "H. W." and "W. S.," suggestive of Henry Wriothesley and William Shakespeare may of course be purely accidental, but the coincidence is remarkable, and the evidence, whatever its value, cannot be suppressed. It should be added that there are prefatory lines in praise of *Avisa*, wherein Shakespeare, perhaps for the first time in literature, is referred to by name:—"*And Shake-speare paints poor Lucrece's rape.*" Was this reference ironical? †

* Mr. Fleay, however, holds that these Sonnets were written after Southampton had met Elizabeth Vernon in 1595 (*vide* "*Chronicle History of the Drama,*" where Mr. Fleay's whole theory is carefully elaborated; though many a point here and there is doubtful, the high value of the essay is incontestable).

† A reprint of *Willobie* is to be found among Dr. Grosart's privately printed issues. The particular Chapter referred to above is printed in the "*Shakespeare Allusion Book.*" (*New Shak. Soc.*)

The Publisher's evidence. Initials are troublesome ciphers. "H. W." and "W. S." allure the readers of "*Willobie his Avisa*"; while "Mr. W. H." of the Dedication prefacing the Sonnets has afforded intellectual exercise to generations of scholars.

Had the publisher been aware of the contentions of posterity as to the history of the Sonnets, he could not, in a diabolical mood, have invented a more protean dedication. The Herbertists naturally interpret "Mr. W. H." as standing for "Mr. William Herbert (Earl of Pembroke)," and "begetter" as meaning "inspirer"; the Southamptonites suggest that the publisher reversed the initials of "Henry Wriothesley," so as to half-conceal his connexion with the facts referred to in the Sonnets.

Others allege that "begetter" is used in the sense of "obtainer," "procurer," "dedicatee," and various dedicatees have been found answering the requirements of the initials in question—William Hughes, William Hathaway, William Hart, William Hervey (Southampton's stepfather), and, actually, WILLIAM HIMSELF!"*

T. T. has set the world a conundrum, which will probably bring him immortal fame: as yet no solution has been finally accepted.

Contemporary Sonnet-Sequences. The date, 1594-1598, would bring Shakespeare's *Sonnets* into line with the chief Sonnet productions of the period:—Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, published 1591; Daniel's *Delia*, 1592; Constable's *Diana*, 1592; Fletcher's *Licia*, 1593; Barnes' *Parthenophil*, 1593; Drayton's *Idea*, 1594; Spenser's

* George Wither seems to have anticipated this stupendous discovery, due to Germanic genius, when he inscribed his satires thus:—"*G W. Wisheth Himself all happiness.*"

It has been suggested that Ben Jonson ostensibly alluded to "T. T.'s" inscription, when he dedicated his Epigrams to the Earl of Pembroke:—*While you* cannot change your merit, *I dare not change your title.* . . . When I made them I had nothing in my conscience to expressing of which I *did need a cipher.*"

Amoretti, 1594; Lodge's *Phillis*, 1595; Chapman's *Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy*, 1595. It would certainly seem that the writing of Love-Sonnets culminated in 1594-5.* As far as the form of his Sonnets is concerned, Shakespeare seems to have been influenced by contemporary sonneteers, and perhaps more especially by Daniel, in abandoning the Petrarchan type, and building up his sonnet of three quatrains and a final couplet. Some critics have censured Shakespeare for departing from the more complex Italian type, but "the quest of the Shakespeare Sonnet is not, like that of the sonnet of octave and sestet, sonority, and so to speak, metrical counterpoint, but sweetness; and the sweetest of all possible arrangements

* Mr. Massey in his "*Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets*" points out some striking reminiscences of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (as well as of the *Arcadia*), more especially with reference to a number of the earliest sonnets.

Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and the 1599 revised edition of Drayton's *Idea* contain some remarkable parallel passages; it seems most likely that Drayton was the borrower. Mr. Tyler cannot detect any allusion in Drayton's work to Sonnets C.-CXXVI. The following specimen of Drayton will best illustrate his debt:—

> "*An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,*
> *Wherewith, alas, I have been long possest,*
> *Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,*
> *Nor gives me once but one poore minutes rest*
>
> *Thus am I still provok'd to every evil*
> *By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angel-devil.*"

Marston's *Pigmalion's Image and Certaine Satyres*, published in 1598, contains a passage strongly resembling Sonnet XXXII., lines 10-14, and more especially the words "*To march in ranks of better equipage;*" Marston's lines speak of—

> "*Stanzaes like odd bands*
> *Of voluntaries and mercenarians:*
> *Which like soldados of our warlike age,*
> *March rich bedight in warlike equipage.*"

I cannot agree with Mr. Tyler that it may be maintained, with confidence, that Marston's poem preceded Shakespeare's.

in English versification is a succession of decasyllabic quatrains in alternate rhymes knit together and clinched by a couplet—a couplet coming not so far from the initial verse as to lose its binding power, and yet not so near the initial verse that the ring of epigram disturbs the 'linked sweetness long drawn out' of this movement, but sufficiently near to shed its influence over the poem back to the initial verse."

Enthusiasts for the Miltonic Sonnet, with its "observance of strict laws of composition," condemn Shakespeare's deviation from the stricter type, and declare that "the so-called Sonnets" are not sonnets at all, but a continuous poem, or poems, written in fourteen-line stanzas: but from the experimental days of Surrey and Wyatt the form employed by Shakespeare had been the favourite sonnet-type of English poets. It were easy to combat Mark Pattison's bold pronouncement, that "the example of Shakespeare, and the veneration due to that mighty name, has exercised a misleading influence on our sonnetists." Milton's exaltation implies no rivalry with Shakespeare—theirs are "two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain."

> *"The tongue of England, that which myriads*
> *Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed*
> *Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth*
> *Above the flight of ages, two alone;*
> *One crying out,*
>
> All nations spoke thro' me.
>
> *The other:*
>
> True; and thro' this trumpet burst
> God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
> First of immortal, then of mortal, man;
> Glory! be glory! not to me, to God."

ANALYSIS OF THE "SONNETS."

A.—"THE BETTER ANGEL": i.-cxxvi.

I. LOVE'S ADORATION: i.-xxvi.

Beauty and goodness must live on { in the beloved's children (i.-xvi.) / in the poet's verse (xvii.-xxv.) / *Envoy* (xxvi.)

Interval.

II. LOVE'S TRIALS: xxvii.-xcix.

Love in Absence.

(*a*) The bitterness of absence (xxvii.-xxxii.)

- The sense of loss (xxvii., xxviii.)
- Night-Thoughts { The Poet's outcast state (xxix.) / Bereavements (xxx.) }
- Love dispels the gloom (xxix.-xxxi.)
- *Envoy* (xxxii.)

Interval.

(*b*) Love's first disillusioning (xxxiii.-xlii.)

- "He was but one hour mine" (xxxiii.)
- Love's excuses (xxxv., xli.)
- Love's self-disparagement (xxxvi., xxxvii.)
- Love's willing pain (xxxviii.)
- Love's self-denial (xxxix.-xl.)
- The gain of loss (xlii.)
- Forgiveness.
- (?) *Envoy* (xlii.)

Interval.

(*c*) Love's longings and prophetic fears (xliii.-lv.)

- Love-longing (xliii.-xlvii.)
- Fears (xlviii.)
- Self-abasement (xlix.)
- The journey from, contrasted with journey to, his friend (l., li.)
- The pleasures of hope (lii.)
- The pleasures of imagination (liii.)
- Love's assurance (liv.)
- *Envoy* (lv.)

Love in Absence.

Interval.

(*d*) Love's growing distrust and melancholy (lvi.-lxxv.)

- Love must watch and wait and believe (lvi.-lviii.)
- Despite ancient doctrines (lix.-lx.)
- Nevertheless distrustful thoughts arise (lxi.)
- Introspection and self-accusation (lxii.-lxiii.)
- Melancholy thoughts (lxiv.-lxvii; lxxi.-lxxiii.)
- The beloved's beauty redeems the world (lxix.)
- Detractors are slanderers (lxx.)
- The solace of poetry (lxxiv.)
- *Envoy* (lxxv.)

Interval.

(*e*) Love's jealousy (lxxv.-xcvi.)

- The Poet's reply to his critics (lxxvi., lxxvii.)
- Alien pens (lxxviii.)
- The rival poet (lxxix.-lxxxvi.)
- The poet's rude awakening (lxxxvii.)
- His devotion constant, though mutual love at an end (lxxxviii., lxxxix.)
- He longs for the full force of Fortune's spite (xc.)
- The possession of his friend's love alone made him truly fortunate (xci.)
- Happily, its loss means loss of life (xcii.)
- But he must not deceive himself,
- A sweet face may harbour false thoughts (xciii.)
- 'Tis a sign of greatness to be self-contained (xciv.)
- But the great must beware of corruption (xcv.)
- Beauty and grace cannot always transfigure vice (xcv.)
- *Envoy* (xcvi.)

Interval.

(*f*) Love's farewell tribute (xcvii.-xcix.)

- Absence in Summer and Autumn (xcvii.)
- Absence in Spring (xcviii.)
- *Envoy* (xcix.)

Interval of a year or two.

III. LOVE'S TRIUMPH: c.-cxxvi.

The re-awakening (c.)
Time cannot change the beloved (civ.)
Chivalrous poetry prophetic of his friend (cvi.)
Love finds new conceits (cviii.)
Love and pity (cxii.)
Love grows stronger through error (cxv.)
Error tests friendship (cxvii.-cxix.)
The Poet rebuts malicious charges (cxxi.)
The Poet's love not "the child of state" (cxxiv.)
The Poet's silence (cii.-ciii.)
The Poet's eulogies (cv.)
Love survives ill-forebodings (cvii.)
The Poet's confessions (cix.-cxi.)
Love's imaginings (cxiii., cxiv.)
Love superior to dangers and trials (cxvi.)
Still apologetic (cxx.-cxxii.)
Love conquers Time (cxxiii.)
The Poet resents the calumny of being a time-server cxxv.)
Envoy (cxxvi.)

B.—"THE WORSER SPIRIT": cxxvii.-clii.

(Cp. xxxiii.-xlii.)

C.—"LOVE'S FIRE": cliii.-cliv.

SONNETS.

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
Mr. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .

T. T.

SONNETS.

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than thy barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
And when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give:
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth:
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all,
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here 's the joy: my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I 'll run and give him leave to go.

LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme?
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eves.

LVI

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou doth wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he 's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
For thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days,
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say ''Tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeer by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

XCVI

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time:
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd'?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue.
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII

What 's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or they dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay.
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX

That you were once unkind befriends me now
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours.
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name:
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX

O call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-pressed defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away:
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
. . . these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O, me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is:
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

Glossary.

Abuse, treat badly; xlii. 7.

Acquaintance; "to take a new a. of thy mind," *i.e.* thy mind will become anew acquainted with its own thoughts"; lxxvii. 12.

Act; "in a.," *i.e.* in reality; clii. 3.

Adder's; "a. sense." alluding to the alleged deafness of the adder; cxii. 10.

Adulterate, lewd; cxxi. 5.

Advance, raise, lift up; lxxviii. 13.

Advantage, favourable opportunity; cliii. 2.

Advised; "a. respects," deliberate consideration; xlix. 4.

After-loss, later loss future grief; xc. 4.

Against, against the time when; lxiii. 1.

——; "stand a.," endure; xxxviii. 6.

Aggravate, increase; cxlvi. 10.

All; "without a. bail," *i.e.* accepting no bail; lxxiv. 2.

All-oblivious, causing all to be forgotten; lv. 9.

Allow, approve; cxii. 4.

Amazeth, confounds; xx. 8.

Ambush, insidious attacks; lxx. 9.

Approve, prove; lxx. 5.

Approve, find by experience; cxlvii. 7.

April, the month of Spring flowers; iii. 10.

Argument, subject-matter; xxxviii. 3.

Art, learning; lxvi. 9.

Arts, learning, letters; lxxviii. 12.

As, as for example; lxvi. 2.

Astonished, stunned; lxxxvi. 8.

Astronomy, astrology; xiv. 2.

Attaint, blame, discredit; lxxxii. 2.

Bail, out of prison; cxxxiii. 10.

Bare; "all b.," all by itself, merely; ciii. 3.

Becoming of, making comely; cxxvii. 13.

Befriends, benefits; cxx. 1.

Bears; "b. it out," *i.e.* endures; cxvi. 12.

Beated, beaten, battered ("*bated,*" "'*bated,*" "*beaten.*" have been unnecessarily substituted); lxii. 10.

Begetter, prob.= inspirer (according to others = getter); Dedic.

Bereft, taken away, lost; v. 11.

Besides; "put b. his p.," *i.e.* "put out"; xxiii. 2.

Bestow, stow, lodge, shelter; xxvi. 8.

Bevel, slanting; cxxi. 11.
Blanks, blank pages (Quarto, "*blacks*"); lxxvii. 10.
Blenches, aberrations; cx. 7.
Blood, passion; cix. 10.
Blunt, clumsy; ciii. 7.
Bonds, claims; lxxxvii. 4.
Bower, habitation; cxxvii. 7.
Brave, beautiful; xii. 2.
——, defy; xii. 14.
Bravery, splendour; xxxiv. 4.
Breathers; "the b. of this world," *i.e.* "the present generation"; lxxxi. 12.
Bred, firmly established; cxii. 13.

Canker, canker-worm; xxxv. 4; lxx. 7.
Canker-blooms, dog-roses; liv. 5.
Captain, chief; lii. 8.
Carcanet, necklace; lii. 8.
Case; "love's fresh c.," *i.e.* "love's new condition"; cviii. 9.
Cast; "cast his utmost sum," closed the account; xlix. 3.
Censures, judges; cxlviii. 4.
Charg'd, attacked; lxx. 10.
Check, rebuff; lviii. 7.
Chest; "time's ch.," *i.e.* Time's treasure-hold, the grave; lxv. 10.
Chopp'd, chapped, rent, roughened; lxii. 10.
Churl, niggard, miser; i. 12.
'Cide, decide (Quarto, "*side*"); xlvi. 9.
Clean, completely; lxxv. 10.
Comment, expatiate; lxxxix. 2.
Compare, comparison; xxi. 5.
Compile, compose, write; lxxviii. 9.
Conceit, conception; xv. 9; cviii. 13.
Confound, destroy; lx. 8.
Consecrate, consecrated; lxxiv. 6.
Contents; "these c.," *i.e.* what is contained in these writings; lv. 3.
Contracted, betrothed; i. 5.
Controlling, rendering subordinate, surpassing; xx. 7.
Convert, turn, change thy aim; xiv. 12.
Converted, changed; xlix. 7.
——, turned away; vii. 11.
Convertest, dost turn away; xi. 4.
Copy, the original design; xi. 14.
Correct; "to c. correction," *i.e.* "to perfect correction"; cxi. 12.
Cost, that on which money is spent; lxiv. 2.
Count, account, reckoning; ii. 11.
Counterfeit, portrait; xvi. 8.
——(rhyming with "set,"); liii. 5.
Counterpart, exact reproduction; lxxxiv. 11.
Couplement, union (Quarto, "*cooplement*"); xxi. 5.
Courses, yearly courses; lix. 6.
Critic, carper; cxii. 11.
Crooked, malignant; lx. 7.
Curious, fastidious, critical; xxxviii. 13.

Damask'd, variegated; cxxx. 5.

Date, limit; xiv. 14.
Dateless, endless; xxx. 6.
——, eternal; cliii. 6.
Dates, terms of existence; cxxiii. 5.
Dear, loving; xlvi. 12.
Dearest, most intense; xxxvii 3.
Debate, contest, quarrel; lxxxix. 13.
Debateth, combats (perhaps discusses); xv. 11.
Decay, cause of ruin; lxxx. 14.
Dedicated; "d. words," *i.e.* (probably) words of dedication; lxxxii. 3.
Defeat, destroy; lxi. 11.
Defeated, defrauded; xx. 11.
Defect, fault, blameworthiness; lxx. 1.
——, defects; cxlix. 11.
Defence, resistance; cxxxix. 8.
Delves; "d. the parallels," *i.e.* "makes furrows"; lx. 10.
Denote, show; cxlviii. 7.
Departest, leavest; xi. 2.
Determinate, determine, ended, out of date; lxxxvii. 4.
Determination, end of (a legal use); xiii. 6.
Disabled (quadrisyllabic); lxvi. 8.
Discloses, uncloses, unfolds; liv. 8.
Dispense; "d. . . . with," excuse; cxii. 12.
Distillation, perfumes distilled from flowers; v. 9.
Doubting, suspecting; lxxv. 6.
Dressings, trimmings up; cxxiii. 4.
Drop in, come in; xc. 4.
Dullness, drowsiness; lvi. 8.
Dwellers on, those who set store on; cxxv. 5.

Eager, sharp, acid; cxviii. 2.
Effect, working efficiency; xxxvi. 7.
Effectually, in reality; cxiii. 4.
Eisel, vinegar; cxi. 10.
Enlarged; "envy, evermore e."; (?) a reference to the Blatant Beast, tied up by Calidore; after a time he broke his chain, "and got into the world at liberty again" (*Faerie Queene,* Bk. VI.; Hales); lxx. 12.
Enlighten, to shed lustre on; clii. 11.
Ensconce, shelter; xlix. 9.
Entitled; "e. in thy parts," *i.e.* "finding their title or claim in thy qualities" (Quarto, "*e. in their parts,*"? = "having a just claim to the first place as their due"); xxxvii. 7.
Envy (accented on second syllable); cxxviii. 5.
Esteeming, estimation; cii. 3.
Estimate, value, valuation; lxxxvii. 2.
Except, object to, refuse; cxlvii. 8.
Exchanged, changed, altered; cix. 7.
Expense, loss; xxx. 8.
——, expenditure, waste; xciv. 6.
Expiate, bring to an end; xxii. 4.
Extern, external show; cxxv. 2.

Fair, beauty; xvi. 11.
Fairly, beauteously, in respect of beauty; v. 4.
False; "f. esteem," spurious reputation; cxxvii. 12.
Fame, made famous; lxxxiii. 11.
Favour, countenance; cxiii. 10.
——, outward appearance; cxxv. 5.
Fee, pledge, guarantee; cxx. 13.
Fell, cruel, harsh; lxxiv. 1.
Fester, corrupt, rot; xciv. 14.
Filed, polished; lxxxv. 4.
Fitted, started by paroxysms; cxix. 7.
Five wits, *i.e.* common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory; cxli. 9.
Flourish, external beauty; lx. 9.
Foison, plenty, rich harvest; liii. 9.
Fond, foolish; iii. 7.
——; "being f. on," *i.e.* "doting on"; lxxxiv. 14.
Fools of time, *i.e.* the sports of Time; cxxiv. 13.
For, because; xl. 6; liv. 9.
——, for fear of; lii. 4.
——; "f. thy hand," *i.e.* "for stealing the whiteness of thy hand"; xcix. 6.
'Fore, before (Quarto, "*fore*"); vii. 11.
Foregone, past, previously endured; xxx. 9.
Form, good semblance; lxxxix. 6.
Forward, early; xcix. 1.
Foul, ugly; cxxxvii. 12.
Frank, liberal; iv. 4.
Free, liberal, bountiful; iv. 4.
Frequent, intimate; cxvii. 5.
Front; "summer's f.." *i.e.* "summer's beginning"; cii. 7.
Fury, poetic inspiration; c. 3.

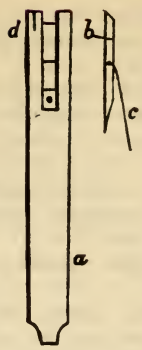
Gaudy, gay, festive; i. 10.
Gaze, object gazed at; v. 2.
General, chief cause; cliv. 7.
Give, to ascribe; cxv. 14.
Go, walk; li. 14; cxxx. 11.
Gored; "g. mine own thoughts," *i.e.* "wounded my self-respect"; cx. 3.
Gracious, full of grace, beauteous; lxii. 5.
Greeing; "is g.," *i.e.* suits, agrees; cxiv. 11.
Grind, whet; cx. 10.
Grossly, manifestly; xcix. 5.
Gust, taste; cxiv. 11.

Habit, bearing; cxxxviii. 11.
Happier, more successful in poetical expression; xxxii. 8.
Happies, makes happy; vi. 6.
Hearsay; "like of h. well" (?) "fall in love with what has been praised by others"; perhaps, better, "mere extravagant talk"; xxi. 13.
Heavy, gloomy, morose; xcviii. 4.
Height, angular altitude; cxvi. 8.
His, its; ix. 10.
Horse, horses; xci. 4.
Hue, form; xx. 7.
Husbandry, economy; xiii. 10.

Idle; "i. rank," *i.e.* "poor dignity"; cxxii. 3.
Ill-wresting, trusting to a bad sense; cxl. 11.
Imaginary, imaginative; xxvii. 9.
Imprison'd; "i. absence of your liberty"; *i.e.* "separation from you, which is to me like a prison, but which is your rightful liberty"; lviii. 6.
Indigest, formless; cxiv. 5.
Indirectly, artificially; lxvii. 7.
Inhearse, entomb; lxxxvi. 3.
Injurious, hostile; xliv. 2.
Insults, exults; cvii. 12.
Intend, direct; xxvii. 6.
Interest, rightful claim; xxxi. 7.
——, property; lxxiv. 3.
Invention, imagination; xxxviii. 8.
Itself, its natural self, nature itself; lxviii. 10.

Jacks, keys of the virginal; cxxviii. 5. The annexed diagram (by Fairholt) exhibits the mechanism of the jack: —*a* is the jack; *b*, the quill; *c*, the bristle spring; *d*, the cloth damper. The quill is here shewn beside the jack: its proper place is the groove in the upper part of the jack, the bristle being held in the small hole seen there.
Just; "j. to the time," "punctual to the time"; cix. 7.

Keeps, guards; cxxxiii. 11.



Key, (rhyming with "*survey*"); lii. 1.
Kindness, affection; clii. 9.

Lace, embellish; lxvii. 4.
Lame; "made l.," crippled (used metaphorically); xxxvii. 3.
Lameness, impaired condition (? used metaphorically); lxxxix. 3.
Latch, catch; cxiii. 6.
Lay, lay on; ci. 7.
Learning, lesson; lxxvii. 4.
Leese, lose; v. 14.
Level, aim; cxvii. 11.
Light; "set me l.," esteem me lightly; lxxxviii. 1.
Like of, like, care for; xxi. 13.
Limbecks, alembics; cxix. 2.
Lines; "l. of life," living lines, living pictures (*i.e.* children); xvi. 9.
Live, subsist; iv. 8.
Look, lo; xi. 11.
Love; "l. for love," *i.e.* "Love, on account of my love"; li. 12.

Lovely; "thy l. argument," *i.e.* "the theme of your loveliness"; lxxix. 5.
Love's, mistress's; xlii. 9.
Lusty, vigorous; ii. 6.

Main; "m. of light," *i.e.* "flood of light (into which a newborn child is launched)"; lx. 5.
Makeless, without a mate; ix. 4.
Manner, courteous decorum; lxxxv. 1.
Map, pattern, picture, image; lxviii. 1.
Master, possess; cvi. 8.
Master-mistress, the friend who sways the poet's love as if he were his mistress; xx. 2.
Matter; "no such m.," nothing of the kind; lxxxvii. 14.
Meetness, fitness; cxviii. 7.
Melancholy (pronounced "*melanch'ly*"); xlv. 8.
Memory, memorials; cxxii. 2.
Million'd, millionfold, innumerable; cxv. 5.
Mind, thought; lix. 8.
Minion, darling; cxxvi. 9.
Misprision, mistake, error; lxxxvii. 11.
Moan, bemoan; xxx. 8.
Modern, ordinary, common; lxxxiii. 7.
Moiety, share, portion; xlvi. 12.
More; "m. and less," *i.e.* "high and low"; xcvi. 3.
——; "the m.," *i.e.* the greater faculty; xi. 11.
Mortal; "m. rage," the resistless power of destruction; lxiv. 4.
Motley, fool, jester; cx. 2.
Mouthed, all-devouring; lxxvii. 6.
Music; "m. to hear," *i.e.* thou, to hear whom is music; viii. 1.

Neglect, being neglected by others; cxii. 12.
Newer, more recent; cxxiii. 2.
Niggarding, being miserly; i. 12.
None; less than nothing (antithetical to "one"; perhaps, however, there is an allusion to the proverbial saying "one is no number"); viii. 14.
Noted, familiar; lxxvi. 6.

Obsequious, funeral; xxxi. 5.
——, devoted, zealous; cxxv. 9.
O'ergreen, cover with verdure, embellish (Sewell, "*o'erskreen*"; Steevens, "*o'ergrieve*"); cxii. 4.
O'erlook, peruse; lxxxii. 2.
O'erpress'd, over-strained; cxxxix. 8.
Offences; "made old o. of affections new," *i.e.* "each new affection transgressed against my old love"; cx. 4.
Old; "my o. excuse," *i.e.* "the excuse of my oldness"; ii. 11.
One on another's neck; one after another; cxxxi. 11.
Only, principal, chief; i. 10.

Orphans; "hope of o.," *i.e.* "expectation of the birth of posthumous children"; xcvii. 10.
Over-goes, transcends; ciii. 7.
Owe, own, possess; lxx. 14.
Owest, possessest; xviii. 10.

Pace forth, walk, go, proceed; lv. 10.
Pain, punishment; cxli. 14.
Paralels, lines; lx. 10.
Part; "p. his function," *i.e.* "divide its function"; cxiii. 3.
Partake; "with thee p.," *i.e.* "take thy part"; cxlix. 2.
Particular, objects; xci. 7.
Parts; "p. of me," *i.e.* "shares in me, claims upon me"; xxxi. 11.
Pass; "no other p.," *i.e.* "no other issue"; ciii. 11.
Patent, privilege; lxxxvii. 8.
Peace; "p. of you," *i.e.* "the peace to be found in you," or perhaps "the peaceable possession of you"; lxxv. 3.
Perspective, used perhaps with a play upon the two senses: (i) "the science of perspective," and (ii) "a glass cut in such a manner as to produce an optical deception when looked through" (the painter himself, *i.e.* the eye, being the glass through which the form must be seen); xxiv. 4.
Pitch, height (lit. height to which a falcon soars); vii. 9.
Plight, condition; xxviii. 1.
Pluck, derive; xiv. 1.
Pointing, appointing; xiv. 6.
Policy, self-interest; cxxiv. 9.
Politic, prudent; cxxiv. 11.
Predict; "oft p.," *i.e.* frequent prediction; xiv. 8.
Present, immediate; cxlix. 8.
Prevent'st, hinderest by anticipation; c. 14.
Prick'd, marked; xx. 13.
Pride, proud conquest; cli. 10.
Prime, spring; xcvii. 7.
Private, ordinary; ix. 7.
Prizing, "not p.," *i.e.* disregarding; cxliii. 8.
Proud-pied, gorgeously variegated; xcviii. 2.
Prove, ultimately become; viii. 14.
——, find; lxxii. 4.
Pyramids, used as symbolical of what is grand and stupendous; cxxiii. 2.

Qualify, temper; cix. 2.
Quest, inquest, or jury; xlvi. 10.
Question make, feel a doubt; xii. 9.
Quietus, discharge of obligation; cxxvi. 14.

Rack; mass of floating cloud; xxxiii. 6.
Ragged, rugged, rough; vi. 1.
Ranged, gone away; cix. 5.
Rank, sick; cxviii. 12.
Rearward; "in the r.," *i.e.* at the end; xc. 6.
Receipt, capacity, power of receiving and containing; cxxxvi. 7.

Reckoning, taking account of; cxv. 5.
Record, history; lix. 5.
Recured, restored; xlv. 9.
Region, belonging to the upper air; xxxiii. 12.
Remember'd, reminded; cxx. 9.
Remove, fall away; cxvi. 4.
Removed, passed; xcvii. 5.
Render; "mutual r.," *i.e.* "give and take"; cxxv. 12.
——, surrender; cxxvi. 14.
Renew'd, thoroughly changed; cxi. 8.
Repair; "fresh r.," renovation, healthful condition; iii. 3.
——, renovate; xvi. 9.
Reserve, preserve; xxxii. 7.
Respect, regard, consideration; xxvi. 12.
——; "but one r.," *i.e.* "one matter for consideration"; perhaps "one affection," or "perfect similarity"; xxxvi. 5.
Resty, torpid; c. 9.
Retention, means of preserving impressions (=a table book); cxxii. 9.
Revolt, faithlessness; xcii. 10.
Rotten, damp, vapourish; xxxiv. 4.
Roundure, circle; xxi. 8.
Ruinate, ruin; x. 7.
Ruth, pity; cxxxii. 4.

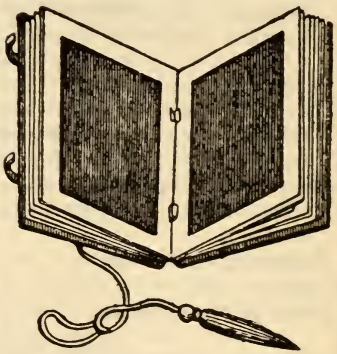
Salutation; "give s.," *i.e.* "affect in any manner, gratify or mortify"; cxxi. 6.
Satire, "be a s. to decay," satirise decay, mock decay (?=satirist); c. 11.
Scope, power, range of thought; xxix. 7.
Seconds, an inferior kind of flour, base matter; cxxv. 11.
Seeing; "dead s.," *i.e.* "lifeless appearance"; lxvii. 6.
Self-substantial, deriving its substance from thyself; i. 6.
Sense, reason; xxxv. 9.
Separable, causing separation; xxxvi. 6.
Service; "thy s.," *i.e.* service to thee; cxlix. 10.
Set; "to s. a form," *i.e.* "by giving a good semblance"; lxxxix. 6.
Several; "a s. plot," *i.e.* "an enclosed field"; cxxxvii. 9.
Shady; "s. stealth," *i.e.* "the stealthy motion of the shadow"; lxxvii. 7.
Show, appear; cv. 2.
Simplicity, folly; lxvi. 11.
Siren; cxix. 1. The annexed engraving of syrens is copied from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century.



Sit, be comprised; ciii. 13.
Slept; "have I s. in your report," *i.e.* I have been slow to tell your praises; lxxxiii. 5.
So, provided only; lxx. 5.

Soil, solution; with a play upon the more ordinary sense of the word (Quarto, "solye"; Malone, "*solve*"; 1640 ed., "*soyle*"); lxix. 14.
Sourly, cruelly, harshly; xxxv. 14.
Spirit, vital energy; cxxix. 1.
Sportive, amorous, wanton; cxxi. 6.
Stain, grow dim, suffer eclipse; xxxiii. 14.
State, estate, endowments, glory; xcvi. 12.
——, rank, power; cxxiv. 1.
Statute (used in legal sense), "security, or obligation for money"; cxxxiv. 9.
Steal, glide away; civ. 10.
Steel'd, hardened; cxii. 8.
Steep-up, high and precipitous; vii. 5.
Steepy, having a steep decline; lxiii. 5.
Stell'd, fixed (Quarto, "*steeld*"); xxiv. 1.
Store; "made for s.," *i.e.* increase, fertility, population; xi. 9.
Store's; "in thy s. account," *i.e.* "in estimating the worth of thy possessions"; cxxxvi. 10.
Strained, forced, overwrought; lxxxii. 10.
Strange, distant; lxxxix. 8.
Strangely, distantly; cx. 6.
Strangle, extinguish; lxxxix. 8.
Strength; "s. of laws," the laws' support, perfect legal right; xlix. 13.
Stretched, overstrained; xvii. 12.
Subscribes, yields; cvii. 10.
Successive, by order of succession; cxxvii. 3.
Sufferance, patient endurance; lviii. 7.
Suggest, tempt; cxliv. 2.
Suit, clothe; cxxxii. 12.
Suited, clad; cxxvii. 10.
Sum, compute, cast up, settle; ii. 11.
Summer's story, i.e. "gay fiction"; xcviii. 7.
Suspect, suspicion; lxx. 3.
Swift; "s. extremity"; the extreme of swiftness; li. 6.
Sympathized, described with due appreciation; lxxxii. 11.

Table, tablet; xxiv. 2.
Tables, memorandum tablets; cxxii. 1. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From Gesner's *De rerum fossilium figuris,* 1565.

Tallies, notched sticks for keeping accounts; cxxii. 10.
Tame, tamed; lviii. 7.

Tatter'd (Quarto, "*totter'd*," an old form of the word); ii. 4; xxvi. 11.
Tell, count; xxx. 10.
Terms, "(?) long periods of time" (opposed to hours); cxlvi. 11.
That, so that; xcviii. 4.
Thralled, kept down, held in subjection; cxxiv. 7.
Thriftless, unprofitable; ii. 8.
Time, the world, society; cxvii. 6.
Time's fool, the sport of Time; cxvi. 9.
Times in hope, future times; lx. 13.
Tires, head-dresses; liii. 8.
To; "t. have," *i.e.* "at having"; lxiv. 14.
Translated, changed; xcvi. 8.
Treasure, make rich; vi. 3.
Triumphant, triumphal; cli. 10.
Trust; "for fear of tr.," fearing to trust myself; xxiii. 5.
Truth, allegiance, troth, duty; xli. 12.
——, (?) fidelity; cx. 5.
Twire, peep, twinkle; xxviii. 12.
Tyrant; "all t.," *i.e.* tyrannical towards myself; (?) "thou complete tyrant"; cxlix. 4.

Unbless, neglect to make happy; iii. 4.
Under thee, under thy auspices; lxxviii. 4.
Unear'd, unploughed; iii. 5.
Unfair, deprive of beauty; v. 4.
Unhappily, mischievously; lxvi. 4.
Unlook'd for, disregarded; xxv. 4.
Unprovident, improvident; x. 2.
Unrespected, unnoticed; xliii. 2.
——, unregarded; liv. 10.
Unthrift, prodigal, spendthrift; ix. 9.
Untrue, untruly; lxxii. 10.
Use, interest; vi. 5; cxxxiv. 10.
User, possessor (Sewell, "*us'rer*"); ix. 12.

Vade, fade; liv. 14.
Vaunt, mount upwards; xv. 7.
View, what it sees; cxli. 4.

Warrantise, security; cl. 7.
Waste; "w. of shame," *i.e.* "shameful waste"; cxxix. 1.
Wasteful, devastating; lv. 5.
Wastes; "w. of time," *i.e.* "the things devastated by Time"; xii. 10.
Weed, garment; ii. 4.
When as, when; xlix. 3.
Where, to the place where, to where; xliv. 4.
Whether; "w. better they" (monosyllabic; Quarto, "*where*"); lix. 11.
Wills; "in their w.," *i.e.* "according to their pleasure"; cxxi. 8.
Wink, shut the eyes; xliii. 1.
——; "w. with fulness," *i.e.* "close as after a full meal"; lvi. 6.
Woo'd; "being w. of time"; (?) = "when the course of time has smiled on it" (others, "being tempted by

the present time"; or, "being tempted in thy youth"); lxx. 6.

Worth, (?) "stellar influence"; cxvi. 8.

Wreckful, destructive (Quarto, "*wrackfull*"); lxv. 6.

Wrought; "so much of earth and water w.," *i.e.* "so much of the elements of earth and water being wrought into my nature"; xliv. 11.

Youngly, in the period of youth; xi. 3.

Yourself, your very self, truly yours, master of yourself; xiii. 1.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

XV. 4. '*And . . . all*'; so Malone; Quarto, '*And . . . or.*'

XVI. 10. '*this. . . . pen*'; Quarto, '*this* (*Time's pensel or my pupill pen*)'; Massey conj. '*this time's pencil, or my pupil pen*'; this reading is accepted by several editors, who interpret the first clause to refer either to some particular artist, or to any painter of the time.

XIX 5. '*fleet'st*'; so Quarto; Dyce, '*fleets*' (rhyming with '*sweets*'); *cp.* VIII. 7.

XX. 7. '*hue, all "hues"*'; Quarto, '*hew all Hews*' (*Hewes* in italics).

XXI. 5. '*couplement*'; Quarto, '*cooplement.*'

XXV. 9-11. '*fight . . . quite*'; Malone (Theobald conj.); Quarto, '*worth . . . quite*'; Theobald conj. '*worth . . . forth*'; Capell MS., '*might . . . quite.*'

XXVII. 10. '*thy*'; Quarto, '*their*'; a common mistake in the Sonnets, evidently due to the '*y*' being taken for *e* with the mark of contraction for '*ir.*'

XXVIII. 13, 14. '*longer . . . strength seem stronger*'; Capell MS. and Collier Conj.; Quarto, '*longer . . . length seeme stronger.*'

XXXI. 8. '*thee*'; Quarto, '*there.*'

XXXIV. 10-12. '*loss . . . cross*'; Quarto, '*losse . . . losse.*'

XXXIV. 13. '*sheds*'; Quarto, '*sheeds*' (rhyming with '*deeds*').

XXXIX. 12. '*doth*'; Quarto, '*dost.*'

XL. 7. '*thyself*'; Quarto, '*this selfe.*'

XLI. 8. '*she have*'; Tyrwhitt conj.; Quarto, '*he haue*'; Ewing, '*he has.*'

XLVII. 11. '*not*'; so ed. 1640; Quarto, '*nor.*'

XLIX. 10. '*desert*'; Quarto, '*desart*' (rhyming with '*part*').

LI. 11. *'neigh—no dull flesh—'* (Malone); Quarto, *'naigh noe dull flesh'*; prob. the reading of the quarto is correct, *'neigh'* = 'neigh after,' 'neigh to,' *cp.* "They were fed horses in the morning; everyone neighed after his neighbour's wife," Jeremiah v. 8.

LV. 1. *'monuments'*; Quarto, *'monument.'*

LVI. 13. *'Or'*; Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.; Quarto, *'As'*; Anon. conj. *'Ah!'*; *'Else.'*

LVII. 13. *'will'*; Quarto, *'Will'*: Massey conj. *'"Will."'*

LXII. 7. *'And for myself,' i.e.* 'and for my own satisfaction,' or perhaps the words merely emphasize the statement.

LXV. 12. *'of'*; Malone; Quarto, *'or'*; Capell MS., *'o'er'*; Gildon, *'on.'*

LXIX. 3. *'that due'*; Capell MS. and Tyrwhitt conj.; Quarto. *'that end'*; Sewell (ed. 2), *'thy due.'*

LXX. 1. *'art,'* ed. 1640; Quarto, *'are.'*

6. *'Thy'*; Capell MS.; Quarto, *'their.'*

LXXIII. 4. *'Bare ruin'd choirs'*; Quarto, *'Bare rn'wd quiers.'*

LXXIV. 14. *'that is this,' i.e.* my spirit is my poetry.

LXXVI. 7. *'tell'*; Capell MS.; Quarto, *'fel'*; Lintott, *'fell'*; Nicholson conj. *'spell.'*

LXXVII. 'Probably this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper' (Steevens).

LXXXV. 3. *'Reserve their'*; Tyler (Anon. conj. MS.), *'Rehearse thy,'* a more plausible reading than *'preserve their,' 'deserve their,'* etc., and other suggestions which have been advanced; their is probably some error in the text as printed.

LXXXVI. 13. *'fill'd'*; Quarto, *'fild'*; Malone, *'fil'd.'*

XCIV. 14. *cp. Edward III.* ii. 1 (printed in 1596):—

> *"Poison shows worst in a golden cup;*
> *Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;*
> *Lilies that fester seem far worse than weeds;*
> *And every glory, that inclines to sin,*
> *The same is treble by the opposite."*

XCV. 12. *'turn'*; Quarto, *'turnes.'*

XCIX. A fifteen-lined sonnet; the first line serves as a sort of introduction, standing outside the sonnet.

XCIX. 15. *'sweet'*; S. Walker conj. *'scent.'*

CII. 8. *'her,'* Housman; Quarto, *'his.'*

CVI. 12. *'skill'*; Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.; Quarto, *'still.'*

CVII. 8. It has been suggested that this is a possible allusion to the peace completed in 1609, which ended the war between Spain

and the United Provinces; but this is merely a random suggestion.

CVIII. 3. '*new . . . new*,' Malone; Quarto, '*new . . . now*'; S. Walker conj. '*now . . . now*.'

CXII. 8. '*or changes*'; Malone conj. '*e'er changes*'; Knight conj. '*so changes*.'

14. '*besides methinks are*.' Capell MS. and Steevens conj.; Quarto, '*besides me thinkes y' are*'; Dyce, '*besides methinks they're*.'

CXIII. 6. '*latch*'; Quarto, '*lack*.'

CXIII. 14. '*maketh mine untrue*'; so Quarto; Capell MS. and Malone conj. '*makes mine eye untrue*'; Collier conj. '*maketh my eyne untrue*'; Malone conj. '*thy most true mind maketh mine untrue*.'

CXIX. 14. '*ill*,' Malone; Quarto, '*ills*.'

CXX. 6. '*you've*'; Quarto, '*y' haue*.'

CXXIII. 7. '*them*,' *i.e.* '*what thou dost foist upon us*.'

CXXIV. 13-14. '*The fools of time*,' etc. Tyler sees in these lines a reference to the popular repute of Essex as the "good earl," notwithstanding the "crimes" for which he and certainly his companions were executed; the allusion is probably more general, and perhaps, as Palgrave observes, to "the plotters and political martyrs of the time."

CXXVI. This short poem is of six rhymed couplets; it was evidently not intended to pass as an ordinary sonnet, tho' after the last line an omission of two lines is marked in the quarto by two pairs of parentheses. It is the *envoy*, the conclusion of one series of sonnets.

2. '*sickle, hour*'; Quarto, '*sickle, howre*'; perhaps we should read '*sickle hour*'; other suggestions, unsatisfactory for the most part, are, '*fickle mower*'; '*fickle hoar*'; '*sickle hoar*'; etc.

CXXVII. 9-10. '*eyes . . . eyes*,' Quarto; Capell MS., '*eyes . . . hairs*'; S. Walker and Delius conj. '*hairs . . . eyes*'; Staunton and Brae con. '*brows . . . eyes*, etc.

CXXIX. 11. '*proved, a very*,' Capell MS.; Quarto, '*proud and very*.'

CXXXV. 13. '*no unkind, no*'; Dowden conj. '*no unkind "No"*'; Rossetti proposed '*skill*,' *i.e.* "avail" instead of '*kill*.'

CXXXVII. *cp.* PASSIONATE PILGRIM, I.

CXLII. 6-7. *cp.* EDWARD III. ii. 1:—'*His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments*.'

CXLIII. 1. '*housewife*'; Quarto, '*huswife*.'

13. *'have thy "Will"'*; *cp.* Preface.

CXLIV. *cp.* PASSIONATE PILGRIM, II.

6. *'side'*; so Passionate Pilgrim, and Capell MS.; Quarto, *'sight.'*

9. *'fiend'*; Quarto, *'finde'*; Passionate Pilgrim, *'feende.'*

CXLV. The only sonnet in Shakespeare in eight-syllable verse.

CXLVI. 1-2. *'earth . . . these rebel'*; Quarto, *'earth, My sinfull earth these rebbell'*; Malone, *'earth, Fool'd by those rebel'*; Steevens, *'earth, Starv'd by the rebel'*; Dowden, *'earth* [*Press'd by*] *these rebel,'* etc. Probably any one of these readings comes near the original; in this case *array* = clothe. Ingleby renders the word "abuse, afflict, ill-treat"; he reads, *'leagu'd with,'* and takes the participle in close conjunction with *'earth.'* This rendering is ingenious, but very doubtful.

CLII. 13. *'I'*; Quarto, *'eye.'*

The
Two Gentlemen of Verona.



SONG: "Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?"
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA *Act IV Scene 2*

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *The Tempest*, and occupies pp. 20-38; no evidence exists for an earlier edition. A list of the Dramatis Personæ, "The Names of all the Actors," is given at the end of the play. The text is on the whole free from corruptions: the most remarkable errors occur in II. v. 1; III. i. 81; V. iv. 129; where 'Padua' and 'Verona' are given instead of 'Milan.' These inaccuracies are probably due to Shakespeare's MS.; the poet had evidently not revised this play as carefully as his otner early efforts.

Several critics are inclined to attribute the final scene to another hand; it bears evident signs of hasty composition, and Valentine's renunciation comes as a shock to one's sensibilities. It must however be borne in mind that the theme of Friendship *versus* Love was not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; perhaps the best example is to be found in the plot of Lyly's 'Campaspe,' where Alexander magnanimously resigns the lady to Apelles. Shakespeare in his Sonnets XL., XLI., XLII., makes himself enact the part of Valentine to his Protean friend:—

> "Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
> What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
> No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call,
> All mine was thine before thou hadst this more."

Date of Composition. The only allusion to the play previous to its insertion in the First Folio is in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where Meres places it first among the six comedies mentioned. Its date cannot be definitely fixed. The following general considerations place it among the earliest of Shakespeare's productions, *i.e. circa* 1590-1592:—the symmetrical arrangement of the characters; the unnaturalness of some of its incidents, especially the abrupt *dénouement*; the finely finished regularity of the blank verse, suggestive of lyrical rather than of dramatic poetry, and recalling the thoughts and phraseology of the sonnets (I. i. 45-50 and Sonnets LXX., XCV.; IV. iv. 161 and Sonnet CXXVII.); the alternate rhymes; the burlesque doggerel; the quibbles; and the fondness for alliteration. Many 'notes' in the play seem to prelude *Romeo and Juliet*, and the influence of the story, as though the Poet were already meditating a drama on the theme, is one of the striking characteristics of the play.

Sources of the Play. The greater part of the play seems ultimately derived from the *Story of the Shepherdess Filismena* in the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor (a Portuguese poet and novelist, 1520-1562). Bartholomew Yonge's translation of the work, though published in 1598, was finished some sixteen years before (*cp. Shakespeare's Library*, ed. Hazlitt, vol. I. part i.). There were other translations of the whole or part of the romance by Thomas Wilson (1595-6) and by "Edward Paston, Esquire" (mentioned by Yonge).

Probably Shakespeare was not directly indebted to Montemayor; as early as 1584-5 a play was acted at Greenwich "on the Sondaie next after newe yeares daie at night," entitled *The History of Felix and Philiomena*; where Felix is certainly the "Don Felix" of the *Diana*, and "Philiomena" is a scribal error for "Filismena." Shakespeare's play may very well have been based on this earlier production.

A similar theme, with a tragic *dénouement*, is to be found in the *Comœdia von Julio und Hippolyta*, a play acted by the English actors in Germany, preserved only in a German paraphrase (*cp. Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten in Deuschland*, ed. J. Tittmann; also, Zupitza, "*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*," xxiii.).

Bandello's Novel of *Appolonius and Sylla*, which was translated by Riche (1581), may have suggested certain incidents (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Vol. I. part i.); Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book I. ch. vi.)—itself greatly indebted to Montemayor's *Diana*, Sidney's favourite book—may possibly be the original of Valentine's consenting to lead the robber-band, and the speech at the beginning of the scene (V. iv.) in praise of Solitude may also have been suggested by a passage in the same book.

The Form of the Play. In order to understand the *form* of '*The Two Gentlemen*'—probably the first of Shakespeare's plays dealing with love-intrigue—the reader must remember that it links itself to the pre-Shakespearian romantic dramas based on Italian love-stories; but these earlier dramas are rare. The best example of the kind extant is without doubt a very scarce production, registered in the books of the Stationers' Company 1584 (and printed soon after), entitled "*Fidele and Fortune: the Receipts in Love discoursed in a Comedie of ij Italian Gentlemen, translated into English*" by A. M., *i.e.* probably Anthony Munday). This crude effort may certainly be regarded as one of the most valuable of the prototypes of the Shakespearian romantic plays; it has hitherto been strangely neglected (*cp.* Extracts, printed by Halliwell in his "Illustrations to the Literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries"*). One is inclined to think that Shakespeare is indebted for something more than the title of his first love-play to "*The Two*

* Halliwell printed certain scenes in order to illustrate the witchcraft in *Macbeth*; it is remarkable that he did not notice the real value of the play.

Italian Gentlemen." In this connection it is perhaps noteworthy that Meres, as early as 1598, and Kirkman, as late as 1661, mention Shakespeare's play as '*The Gentlemen of Verona.*' This was perhaps customary in order to distinguish it from Munday's translated drama.

Forward-Links. The play contains many hints of incidents and characters more admirably developed in later plays; *e.g.* the scenes between Julia and her maid Lucetta at Verona anticipate the similar talk between Portia and Nerissa at Belmont; Julia's disguise makes her the first of Shakespeare's best-beloved heroines, Portia, Jessica, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen; Valentine's lament (Act III. sc. i. ll. 170-187), with its burden of "banished," is heard again as Romeo's death-knell; the meeting of Eglamour and Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell suggests the meeting-place of the two star-crossed lovers at Friar Laurence's.

Launcelot Gobbo owes much to his namesake Launce, and something also to Speed, whose description of the various signs whereby one may know a lover finds development in the character of Benedick.

Duration of Time. The Time covered is seven days on the stage, with intervals between scenes and acts:— Day 1: Act 1. sc. i. and ii.; interval of a month or perhaps sixteen months (*cp.* iv. 1-21). Day 2: Act I. sc. iii. and Act II. sc. i. Day 3: Act II. sc. ii. and iii.; interval, Proteus's journey to Milan. Day 4: Act II. sc. iv. and v.; interval of a few days. Day 5: Act II. sc. vi. and vii., Act III. and Act IV. sc. i.; interval, including Julia's Journey to Milan. Day 6: Act IV. sc. ii. Day 7: Act IV. sc. iii. and iv. and Act V. (*cp.* Daniel, *New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, 1877-79).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Valentine and Proteus, two gentlemen of Verona, are intimate friends accustomed to telling their hearts' secrets freely, the one to the other. Valentine goes to the court of Milan to gain worldly experience and honour. Proteus, for love of a Veronese maiden named Julia, would fain stay at home; but his father, ignorant of the love affair, and desirous that his son shall see something of the world, sends him to join Valentine at Milan.

II. Silvia, the daughter of the Duke of Milan, has many suitors. No sooner does Valentine see her than he becomes one of the number; but he is more fortunate than the rest, for Silvia favours him. The Duke, however, has chosen another for his daughter's husband. Valentine and Silvia plan to elope. At this juncture Proteus arrives from Verona, after having exchanged vows there with Julia. Valentine introduces Proteus to Silvia, confides to him the secret of their proposed clandestine marriage, and asks his assistance. Proteus promises it, but inwardly resolves to play his friend false, and try to win Silvia for himself. His neglected love, Julia, hearing no tidings of him, decides to don boy's garments, and go to Milan in search of him.

III. Proteus foils his friend's schemes by informing the Duke of the lovers' projected flight. The Duke banishes Valentine from his realm. Thurio, the suitor

chosen by the Duke, does not prosper in his wooing, and therefore asks Proteus to aid him.

IV. The banished Valentine flees to a forest near Milan, where he falls into the hands of outlaws, who, pleased by his address, make him their chief.

In Milan, Proteus plays false with Thurio just as he had done with Valentine. Under guise of fostering Thurio's suit he pleads his own cause to Silvia, who scorns him. Julia arrives dressed as a page, and secures employment with Proteus, who does not recognize her. She soon has opportunity to discover her lover's perfidy, since he sends her to Silvia with a ring that was Julia's own love-token to him.

V. Silvia escapes to the forest in search of Valentine, but is seized by some of the outlaws of her lover's band. Before they can bring her to his presence, she is rescued by Proteus, who, however, tries to take advantage of the occasion and compel her to yield to his love. Valentine overhears his false friend and liberates Silvia, at the same time reproaching Proteus so sternly that the latter is stricken with remorse, and humbly begs forgiveness. The generous Valentine accords it. The identity of Julia is discovered, and she is united with her repentant lover.

Meantime the Duke, who had gone also to the forest in search of Silvia, is captured by others of Valentine's outlaws. Valentine releases him; and the Duke pardons all the band, permits them to resume the rights of citizenship, and consents to the nuptials of Silvia and Valentine.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Proteus.

There is the principal agent, Proteus; a man who "suns himself" in the esteem and confidence of all his acquaintance, is the early and bosom-friend of Valentine,

is trusted (and to all appearance deservedly so) by his mistress, Julia. He leaves her with the sincerest vows of constancy; and the moment he beholds the mistress of his friend, he not only becomes enamoured of her, but, with a wantonness of treachery, turns low, scoundrel informer to her father of their projected elopement. This not being enough to fill the measure of his villany, at the instance of that father he actually consents to become the calumniator of his unoffending friend to his friend's mistress, and afterwards to woo her for the pantaloon lover, Thurio; an office which he nevertheless endeavours to convert to his own advantage. He next sends his own mistress's love-pledge, and by herself (disguised, however, as his page) to her rival; and, immediately after, attempts the greatest crime that man can perpetrate towards woman—against that same woman, too, whom he has vainly endeavoured to seduce from his friend; and when, in the sequel, he reads his repentance in *four* lines, he is at once accepted in *two* lines by the man he had so injured—who, with unique and amusing simplicity, says: "Then I am paid, and once again I do receive thee honest." But, to crown all, his mistress, Julia, congratulates herself upon having redeemed such a lover! All these confoundings of the probabilities of event may be excused in a story of high romance; but where there is any profession of human passion, we must look to have some regard to the concomitant mystery of human nature in the abstract. Now, Proteus is, confessedly, a solid scoundrel; and, what is worse, he is a *mean* scoundrel.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

III.

Valentine.

The character of Valentine is compounded of some of the elements that we find in Romeo; for the strong

impulses of both these lovers are as much opposed as it is possible to the subtle devices of Proteus. The confiding Valentine goes to his banishment with the cold comfort that Proteus gives him:—

> "Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that."

He is compelled to join the outlaws, but he makes conditions with them that exhibit the goodness of his nature; and we hear no more of him till the catastrophe, when his traitorous friend is forgiven with the same confiding generosity that has governed all his intercourse with him. We have little doubt of the corruption, or, at any rate, of the unfinished nature, of the passage in which he is made to give up Silvia to his false friend—for that would be entirely inconsistent with the ardent character of his love, and an act of injustice towards Julia, which he could not commit. But it is perfectly natural and probable that he should receive Proteus again into his confidence, upon his declaration of "hearty sorrow," and that he should do so upon principle:—

> "Who by repentance is not satisfied
> Is nor of heaven nor earth."

It is, to our minds, quite delightful to find in this, which we consider amongst the earliest of Shakspere's plays, that exhibition of the real Christian spirit of charity which, more or less, pervades all his writings; but which, more than any other quality, has made some persons, who deem their own morality as of a higher and purer order, cry out against them, as giving encouragement to evil-doers. . . .

The generous, confiding, courageous, and forgiving spirit of Valentine is well appreciated by the Duke—"Thou art a gentleman." In this praise are included all the virtues which Shakspere desired to represent in the character of Valentine; the absence of which virtues he has also indicated in the selfish Proteus. The Duke

adds, "and well derived." "Thou art a gentleman" in "thy spirit"—a gentleman in "thy unrivalled merit"; and thou hast the honours of ancestry—the further advantage of honourable progenitors. This line, in one of Shakspere's earliest plays, is a key to some of his personal feelings. He was himself a true gentleman, though the child of humble parents. His exquisite delineations of the female character establish the surpassing refinement and purity of his mind in relation to women; and thus, if there were no other evidence of the son of the wool-stapler of Stratford being a "gentleman," this one prime feature of the character would be his most pre-eminently. Well then might he, looking to himself, assert the principle that rank and ancestry are additions to the character of the gentleman, but not indispensable component parts. "Thou art a gentleman, and well derived."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

IV.

Julia.

Julia, seeking out and attending her faithless lover in the disguise of a page, and even making herself servant to his infidelity, is one of those exhibitions of female purity, sweetness, and devotion, wherein Shakespeare so far excels all other writers. Her innocence and gentleness are but the more apparent for the chill, rough atmosphere that threatens them; the Poet, here as elsewhere, multiplying the difficulties of the situation, the better to approve the beauty of the character. Perhaps the best excuse for her undertaking is, that she never dreams but her lover's heart is as far from fraud as her own, till she finds him with proofs to the contrary on his tongue. Julia, however, is little else than a dim foreshadowing of Imogen: we might almost call them the same person, now seen before, now after marriage;

though, in the latter case, by a much clearer light. Perhaps, withal, Imogen has both more rectitude of thought and more delicacy of feeling, than to set forth on such an adventure with so little cause: for Julia has no persecution at home to drive her away, and her love seems rather unwise in not bearing the absence of its object, this being so manifestly for his good.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Silvia.

Silvia, "hard beset" with lovers in her father's court, though she gives proof not to be excepted against that she loves Valentine, betrays not the less a tinge of the temper of her wooer Proteus. It must be said without disguise, that it was not absolutely necessary for her to give her picture to Proteus while she was upbraiding him with falsehood to his friend and to a former love; and if the act was not falsehood on her part towards Valentine, it was dangerous coquetry towards Proteus, and goes far to account for the interpretation he evidently put upon her coyness, when he had added the service of rescue from the robbers to former fervent protestations. Her bitter upbraidings are phenomena that Homer and Paris Alexander knew, and Proteus may therefore not unnaturally have thought, to be far less sincere than they may sometimes have sounded; and Valentine himself who unseen was looking on and listening at the scene, may have had his own apprehensions too, and interfered, it may be, to rescue Silvia scarcely more from Proteus than from herself. Thus may be, but only thus can be accounted for, the remainder of the scene; thus the more than Christian eagerness of pardon with which Valentine overwhelms the abashed Proteus, and the alacrity of his renunciation of all previous rights in the blushing damsel

who has no word of recognition or gratitude to greet him with, but is tongue-tied to the end.

> "And that my love may appear plain and free,
> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Speed and Launce.

While Speed impresses us chiefly by his astonishing volubility, the true English humour makes its entrance upon the Shakespearian stage when Launce appears, dragging his dog by a string.

Note the torrent of eloquence in this speech of Speed's, enumerating the symptoms from which he concludes that his master is in love:—

"First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master."

All these similes of Speed's are apt and accurate; it is only the way in which he piles them up that makes us laugh. But when Launce opens his mouth, unbridled whimsicality at once takes the upper hand. He comes upon the scene with his dog:—

"Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. . . . I think Crab, my

dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog.—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so."

Here we have nothing but joyous nonsense, and yet nonsense of a highly dramatic nature. That is to say, here reigns that youthful exuberance of spirit which laughs with a childlike grace, even where it condescends to the petty and low; exuberance as of one who glories in the very fact of existence, and rejoices to feel life pulsing and seething in his veins; exuberance such as belongs of right, in some degree, to every well-constituted man in the light-hearted days of his youth—how much more, then, to one who possesses the double youth of years and genius among a people which is itself young, and more than young: liberated, emancipated, enfranchised, like a colt which has broken its tether and scampers at large through the luxuriant pastures.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

What shall we say to Launce and his dog? Is it probable that even such a fool as Launce should have put his feet into the stocks for the puddings which his dog had stolen, or poked his head through the pillory for the murder of geese which the same dog had killed?—yet

the ungrateful cur never denies one item of the facts with which Launce so tenderly reproaches him. Nay, what is more wonderful, this enormous outrage on the probable excites our common risibility. What an unconscionable empire over our fanciful faith is assumed by those comic geniuses! They despise the very word probability. Only think of Smollett making us laugh at the unlikely speech of Pipes, spoken to Commodore Trunnion down a chimney—"Commodore Trunnion, get up and be spliced, or lie still and be damned!" And think also of Swift amusing us with contrasted descriptions of men six inches and sixty feet high—how very improbable!

At the same time, something may be urged on the opposite side of the question. A fastidious sense of the improbable would be sometimes a nuisance in comic fiction. One sees dramatic critics often trying the probabilities of incidents in a play, as if they were testing the evidence of facts at the Old-Bailey. Now, unquestionably, at that august court, when it is a question whether a culprit shall be spared, or whipped and transported for life, probabilities should be sifted with a merciful leaning towards the side of doubt. But the theatre is not the Old-Bailey, and as we go to the former place for amusement, we open our hearts to whatever may most amuse us; nor do we thank the critic who, by his Old-Bailey-like pleadings, would disenchant our belief. The imagination is a liberal creditor of its faith as to incidents, when the poet can either touch our affections, or tickle our ridicule.

Nay, we must not overlook an important truth in this subject. The poet or the fictionist—and every great fictionist is a true poet—gives us an image of life at large, and not of the narrow and stinted probabilities of every-day life. But real life teems with events which, unless we knew them to have actually happened, would seem to be next to impossibilities. So that if you chain down the poet from representing everything that may seem in dry

reasoning to be improbable, you will make his fiction cease to be a probable picture of Nature.

CAMPBELL.

VII.

The Play as a Whole.

Love, in its double form of sexual love and friendship, is evidently the basis of the whole, the leading centre of the action. To represent this foundation in its uncertainty and instability—in other words, to describe it within the comic view of life, in contradiction with its true nature, is manifestly the purport and tendency of the play; this is, however, too seriously and strongly emphasized, and thus the representation loses in comic power. Love is here, accordingly, represented in the most diversified forms, but invariably weak and frail, foolish and perverse. The centre is formed by the passion of Proteus for Julia, his double faithlessness and his equally sudden conversion; a look from Silvia, her mere appearance, makes him forget the one for whom he has just been sighing, and for whose absence tears are still lingering in his eyes; a look from her makes him a traitor to his best and oldest friend, and also makes him deceive the Duke and the latter's favourite, Thurio. In fact, he is the impersonation of the faithlessness of love. In contrast to him we have Julia; she is exhibited at first in the capricious self-will of a girl in love, but coy, who will not accept her lover's letter, and yet chides her maid that the latter has not forced her to read it; she tears it to pieces before she has opened it, but afterwards gathers up the fragments in order to try and spell out the contents. Suddenly, however, this coyness is quite forgotten, nay, turns into its opposite, for, casting aside all girlish shyness, she dresses herself in man's attire and sets out after her faithless lover, acts as his messenger in carrying love-letters to Silvia, and finally,

after enduring all this mortification, again throws herself into his arms. A greater amount of constancy is exhibited in the other couple, Valentine and Silvia; they remain true to one another in spite of all obstacles, sufferings and adversities, and yet Valentine is capable of giving up his beloved—for whose sake he has done and suffered so much, and whom he intended to carry off from her father's house—in favour of his treacherous and only half-repentant friend, although the latter, on account of Silvia's aversion to him, could in no way be a gainer by his sacrifice. Thurio, lastly, is a lover of the commonest type, a wealthy blockhead, more interested in the father as a duke than in the daughter, and who resembles his more gifted rivals only in so far as he likewise does not know his own mind—continuing to make love *although* he is rejected with scorn and contempt, and in the end retiring *because* he is rejected with scorn and contempt. This fickle, inconstant and contradictory form of love is worthily associated with the Duke's peculiar paternal affection for his daughter; here also we have a high degree of delusion and inconsistency. After having at first purposed to force his daughter's inclinations in favour of a repulsive old noodle, he at last consents to give her to a robber chieftain whom—as an honourable knight—he had rejected. But the delicious folly reaches its climax in the person of the inimitable Launce, one of those thoroughly comic characters whose true nature Shakespeare alone can describe. Launce, who for weeping and wailing can scarcely leave his father's house, whose tears would fill the river were it dry, and whose sighs, "were the wind down," would drive on the boat that is carrying him away from his home—it is he who allows himself to be cudgelled for the sake of his "cruel-hearted cur," to be set in the stocks and placed in the pillory, and nevertheless rejoices at the punishment inflicted upon his friend Speed for a fault into which he himself had intentionally led him. In fact, he is the most amusing im-

personation both of sentimental folly and foolish sentimentality, and of the self-will and blindness of love.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* rhyme has fallen seemingly into abeyance, and there are no passages of such elegiac beauty as in the former [*Comedy of Errors*], of such exalted eloquence as in the latter [*Love's Labour's Lost*] of these plays; there is an even sweetness, a simple equality of grace in thought and language which keeps the whole poem in tune, written as it is in a subdued key of unambitious harmony. In perfect unity and keeping the composition of this beautiful sketch may perhaps be said to mark a stage of advance, a new point of work attained, a faint but sensible change of manner, signalised by increased firmness of hand and clearness of outline. Slight and swift in execution as it is, few and simple as are the chords here struck of character and emotion, every shade of drawing and every note of sound is at one with the whole scheme of form and music. Here too is the first dawn of that higher and more tender humour which was never given in such perfection to any man as ultimately to Shakespeare; one touch of the by-play of Launce and his immortal dog is worth all the bright fantastic interludes of Boyet and Adriano, Costard and Holofernes; worth even half the sallies of Mercutio, and half the dancing doggerel or broad-witted prose of either Dromio. But in the final poem which concludes and crowns the first epoch of Shakespeare's work, the special graces and peculiar glories of each that went before are gathered together as in one garland "of every hue and every scent." The young genius of the master of all our poets finds its consummation in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The blank verse is as full, sweet, and strong as the best of Biron's or Romeo's; the rhymed

verse as clear, pure, and true as the simplest and truest melody of *Venus and Adonis* or the *Comedy of Errors.* But here each kind of excellence is equal throughout; there are no purple patches on a gown of serge, but one seamless and imperial robe of a single dye. Of the lyric or the prosaic part, the counterchange of loves and laughters, of fancy fine as air and imagination as high as heaven, what need can there be for any one to shame himself by the helpless attempt to say some word not utterly unworthy? Let it suffice us to accept this poem as the landmark of our first stage, and pause to look back from it on what lies behind us of partial or perfect work.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
HOST, *where Julia lodges.*
OUTLAWS, *with Valentine.*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*

The
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Verona. An open place.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu?
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?
Pro. Upon some book I love I 'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.
Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.
Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'
Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?
Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.
Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.
Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.
Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.
Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.
Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?
Speed. [*First nodding*] Ay.
Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that 's noddy.
Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, ' Ay.'
Pro. And that set together is noddy.
Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.
Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.
Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.
Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?
Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word ' noddy ' for my pains.
Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.
Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.
Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?
Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.
Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?
Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?
Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.
Pro. What said she? nothing?
Speed. No, not so much as ' Take this for thy pains.'

To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
[*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. 'To Julia.'—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let 's see your song. How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ ' kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ ' love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was ' Proteus ' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
' Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia ':—that I 'll tear away.—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a monëth's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse

Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.
Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.
Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?
Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?
Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What dost thou know?
Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.
Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.
Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.
Val. How long hath she been deformed?
Speed. Ever since you loved her.
Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.
Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to

garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter Silvia.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here 's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—
Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again:—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam, what then?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon
Love can feed on the air, I am one that am
nourished by my victuals, and would fain have
meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved,
be moved. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you
this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*

What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. A street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe

is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her, why, there 'tis; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weepest thou man? Away, ass! you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in

losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What seem I that I am not?
Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
Val. You have said, sir.
Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, servant?
Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of

words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*
Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter Proteus.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I 'll die on him that says so but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Ser.*] Come, Sir Thurio.
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [*Exit Val.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinës praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much!
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

The same. A street.

Enter Speed and Launce severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man

is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as, ' Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale? '
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Milan. Ante-room in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thu.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,—
How and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces:
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What 's here? 'To Silvia'!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*
'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.'
What 's here?
'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
'Tis so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this more than for all the favours,
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive,
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho, soho!
Pro. What seest thou?
Launce. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?
Launce. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love: but a team of horse shall not

pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the catelog of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk'; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!
Speed. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'
Launce. Ay, that she can.
Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.'
Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'
Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'
Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?
Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'
Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?
Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'
Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.
Speed. 'Item: She can spin.'
Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'
Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
Speed. 'Here follow her vices.'
Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.
Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'
Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.
Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'
Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.
Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'
Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I 'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that

covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I 'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Proteus.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

Pro. We 'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
First Out. That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
Sec. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
Third Out. Have you long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

Sec. Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

First Out. We 'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it 's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you 're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you

where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let 's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What 's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave; and call hers thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour.
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV.

The same.

Enter Launce with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark— a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out,' says the third: 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You

do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ' 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I 'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit Launce.*
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, 'alas'?

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'alas!'

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter. That 's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that 's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!

I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Milan. An abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter Outlaws with Silvia.

First Out. Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one

Have learned me how to brook this patiently.
Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.
First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset: he cannot 'scape.
First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,

When women cannot love where they 're beloved!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest,
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
[*Exeunt.*



Glossary.

Account of, appreciates; II. i. 61.

Advice; "more advice," *i.e.* "further knowledge"; II. iv. 207; consideration; III. i. 73.

Agood, in good earnest; IV. iv. 170.

Aim, conjecture; III. i. 28.

Aimed at, guessed; III. i. 45.

Ale, ale-house (with perhaps an allusion to church-ale, or rural festival); II. v. 61.

Allycholly, corrupted from "melancholy"; IV. ii. 27.

Apparent, manifest; III. i. 116.

Applaud, approve; I. iii. 48.

Approved, proved by experience; V. iv. 43.



From the drawing of the Funeral of Abbot Islip, in Westminster Abbey, 1522 (*Cf.* 'Vetusta Monumenta').

Auburn, flaxen; IV. iv. 194.

Awful, filled with reverence for authority; IV. i. 46.

Bare, mere (with a quibble on the other sense of naked); III. i. 272.

Base, in the game of "prisoner's base" "to bid the base" was to challenge to a contest of speed; I. ii. 97.

Beadsman, one who prays on behalf of another; I. i. 18.

Befortune, betide; IV. iii. 41.

Beholding, beholden; IV. iv. 178.

Beshrew, evil befal; I. i. 126.

Bestow, deport (one's self); III. i. 87.

Boots; "to give one the boots" = "to make a laughing-stock of one," with a quibbling allusion to the torture



From Millæus's Praxis criminis persequendi (Paris, 1541).

known as "the boots"; I. i. 27.
Boots, profits, avails; I. i. 28.
Bottom, to wind thread; III. ii. 53.
Break, broach a matter; III. i. 59.
Broken, fallen out; II. v. 19.
Broker, matchmaker, go-between; I. ii. 41.
Burden, undersong (with a quibble on the ordinary sense of the word); I. ii. 85.

Canker, canker-worm; I. i. 43.
Cate-log (Launce's blunder for "catalogue"); III. i. 273.
Censure, pass judgement; I. ii. 19.
Character'd, written; II. vii. 4.
Circumstance, circumstantial deduction; I. i. 36; I. i. 84; the position in which one has placed one's self, conduct; I. i. 37; detail, particulars, III. ii. 36.
Cite, incite; II. iv. 85.
Close, union; V. iv. 117.
Clerkly, scholarly; II. i. 106.
Codpiece, "a part of the male attire, indelicately conspicuous in the poet's time"; II. vii. 53.
Coil, fuss, ado; I. ii. 99.
Commit, sin; V. iv. 77.
Compass, obtain; IV. ii. 91.
Competitor, confederate; II. vi. 35.
Conceit, opinion; III. ii. 17.
Conceitless, devoid of understanding; IV. ii. 95.
Condition, quality; III. i. 273.
Consort, a company; IV. i. 64; a company of musicians playing together; III. ii. 84.
Conversed, associated; II. iv. 63.
Crews, bands; IV. i. 74.
Curst, shrewish; III. i. 339.

Dazzled (trisyllabic); II. iv. 210.
Deign, condescend to accept; I. i. 152.
Descant; "counterpoint, or the adding one or more parts to a theme, which was called 'the plain song'"; I. ii. 94.
Diet; "takes diet"="is under a strict regimen"; II. i. 24.
Dispose, disposal; II. vii. 86.
Doublet, inner garment of a man, sometimes worn without the jerkin, with which at times it was confounded; II. iv. 20.
Dump, slow, melancholy tune; III. ii. 85 (see end of Notes).

Earnest, pledge, token of future bestowal (with a quibble on "earnest" as opposed to "jest"); III. i. 163.
Else, elsewhere; IV. ii. 124.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 138.
Entertain, take into service; II. iv. 104; IV. iv. 68.
Exhibition, allowance; I. iii. 69
Extreme (accented on the first syllable); II. vii. 22.

Farthingale, hoop petticoat; II. vii. 51.
Feature, shape, form; II. iv. 73.

Figure, a turn of rhetoric; II. i. 146.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. ii. 30.
Fond, foolish; I. i. 52.
For (= for fear of); I. ii. 136.
For why, because; III. i. 99.
Forlorn (accented on first syllable); I. ii. 124.

Gossips, sponsors at baptism (used quibblingly); III. i. 269.
Greed, agreed; II. iv. 183.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 142.
Grievances, causes of grief; IV. iii. 37.



From a black-letter ballad formerly in the Heber collection.

Hangman (as a term of reproach), rascally; IV. iv. 60.
Homely, plain, unrefined; I. i. 2.
Hose, "a round hose"; II. vii. 55; 'to garter his hose'; II. i. 77.
However, in any case; I. i. 34.

Impeachment, reproach, discredit; I. iii. 15.
Impose, injunction; IV. iii. 8.
Include, conclude; V. iv. 160.
Infinite, infinity; II. vii. 70.
Inherit, win; III. ii. 87.
Inly, inward; II. vii. 18.
Integrity, sincerity; III. ii. 77.
Interpret, act the interpreter (to the figure in a puppet show); II. i. 101.

Jade (used quibblingly); III. i. 277.
Jerkin, jacket or short coat, usually worn over the doublet; II. iv. 19.
Jolt-head, blockhead; III. i. 290.

Keep, restrain; IV. iv. 11.
Kind, kindred; II. iii. 2.
Knots (true-love); II. vii. 46.



From a Monument in Ashford Church, Kent.

Laced, see "mutton."
Learn, teach; II. vi. 13.
Learn'd, taught; V. iii. 4.
Lease, "out by lease," *i.e.* "let to others, and not under one's own control"; the point of the line turns on the equivocal interpretation of "possessions" in the sense of "mental endowments;" V. ii. 29.

Leave, cease, III. i. 182; part with, IV. iv. 79.
Lets, hinders; III. i. 113.
Liberal, wanton; III. i. 355.
Lies, lodges; IV. ii. 137.
"*Light o' love*," a popular old tune, referred to also in *Much Ado*, III. iv. 44; I. ii. 83.
Likes, pleases; IV. ii. 55.
Lime, bird-lime; III. ii. 68.

Manage, to wield; III. i. 247.
Mean, tenor; I. ii. 95.
Means, "to make means," *i.e.* "to contrive measures and opportunities" (to win her); V. iv. 137.
Measure, "within the measure," *i.e.* "within reach"; V. iv. 127.
Merops, Phaëthon was reproached, though falsely, with being the son, not of Apollo, but of Merops; III. i. 153.
Minion, a spoiled favourite; I. ii. 88, 92.
Moneth's mind (fol. "month"; "moneth," archaic form preserved in phrase "moneth's mind"), originally meant the monthly anniversary of a person's death; hence "remembrance," and finally "yearning"; I. ii. 137 (*cp.* Notes).
Mood, rage; IV. i. 51.
Motion, puppet-show; II. i. 94.
Mouth, "a sweet mouth," *i.e.* "a sweet tooth;" III. i. 323.



From the MS. of the Romance of Alexander (Bodl. Lib.).

Muse, wonder; I. iii. 64.
Mutton, a sheep; I. i. 98; "laced mutton" seems to have been a cant term for a loose woman, but probably used here in the sense of "a fine piece of woman's flesh," "a finely trimmed woman"; I. i. 99.



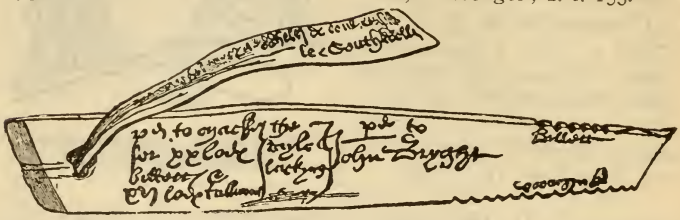
From the "Herodiade" print by Israel Van Mechlin (c. 1500).

Nicholas (*Saint*), the patron saint of scholars; III. i. 296.

Nick, reckoning (alluding to the "nicks" or "notches" on a wooden tally); IV. ii. 75.

Possessions, interpreted equivocally in the sense of "mental endowments;" V. ii. 25.

Post, messenger; I. i. 153.



An Exchequer Tally of the XIV. Cent.

Noddy (quibblingly for "nodday"), simpleton; I. i. 117.

On (play upon "on" and "one"), II. i. 1.

On, of; IV. ii. 72.

One, "one knave," *i.e.* "a single, not a double knave" (referring perhaps to Proteus' falsehood to both friend and mistress); III. i. 263.

Omitting, neglecting; II. iv. 65.

Onset, beginning; III. ii. 94.

O'erlook'd, perused; I. ii. 50.

Owe, own; V. ii. 28.

Pageants, dramatic entertainments; IV. iv. 164.

Pardon, excuse your absence; III. ii. 98.

Parle, talk; I. ii. 5.

Passenger, passer-by; IV. i. 1.

Passioning, passionately grieving; IV. iv. 172.

Peevish, wayward; III. i. 68; V. ii. 49.

Persévers (accented on second syllable); III. ii. 28.

Practising, plotting; IV. i. 48.

Presently, forthwith; II. iv. 86.

Pretence, design; III. i. 47.

Pretended, proposed; II. vi. 37.

Principality, an angel of the highest rank, next to divinity; II. iv. 152.

Print; "in print" = "to the letter, accurately"; II. i. 166.

Proper, well-shaped; IV. i. 10.

Publisher, one who brings to light; III. i. 47.

Puling, "like a beggar at Hallowmas"; it was a custom on All Saints Day for the poor to go from parish to parish *a-souling, i.e.* "begging and puling for soul-cakes"; II. i. 25.

Quaintly, cleverly; II. i. 120; III. i. 117.

Quality, profession; IV. i. 58.

Quips, sharp jests; IV. ii. 12.

Quote (pronounced "cote"; hence the quibble); II. iv. 18.

Ravel, become entangled; III. ii. 52.

Reasoning, talking; II. i. 139.
Receive, acknowledge; V. iv. 78.
Recking, caring for; IV. iii. 40.
Record, sing; V. iv. 6.
Remorseful, compassionate; IV. iii. 13.
Repeal, recall; V. iv. 143.
Resembleth (quadrisyllabic, "resemb(e)leth"); I. iii. 84.
Respect, regard, care for; III. i. 89; V. iv. 20.
Respective, worthy of respect; IV. iv. 200.
Road, port, harbour; I. i. 53; II. iv. 187.
Root (of the heart); V. iv. 103.

Sad, serious; I. iii. 1.
Servant, a term of gallantry, from a lady to her admirer; II. i. 99, 106.
Set, set to music; interpreted playfully by Julia in the sense of "to estimate"; I. ii. 81.
Set, seated (used quibblingly); II. i. 85.
Several, separate; I. ii. 108.
Shapeless, purposeless; I. i. 8.
Sheep (used quibblingly with "ship," the two words being pronounced nearly the same); I. i. 73.



From a token issued by William Eye at the *Sheepe,* in Rye, 1652.

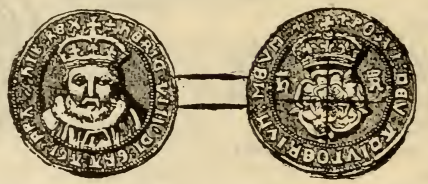
Shot, a tavern-reckoning (used quibblingly); II. v. 9.
Silly, helpless; IV. i. 72.
Sluggardized, made lazy; I. i. 7.
So, so be it, well and good; II. i. 129.
Soho, the cry of hunters on starting a hare; III. i. 189.



From a seal (XIV. Cent.) discovered in Sussex.

Sort, select; III. ii. 92.
Speed, succeed; IV. iv. 112.
Squirrel (applied to a small dog); IV. iv. 59.
Statue, image; IV. iv. 206.
Stead, be of use to; II. i. 111.
Still, ever; V. iv. 43.
Still on end, perpetually; IV. iv. 67.
Stock (used quibblingly); III. i. 305; 306.
Stomach, used quibblingly in sense of "temper" and of "hunger"; (observe also the play upon "meat" and "maid," pronounced nearly alike); I. ii. 68.
Strange; "she makes it strange" = "she pretends to be shocked"; I. ii. 102.
Sudden, quick, sharp; IV. ii. 12.
Suggested, tempted; III. i. 34.
Sweet-suggesting, sweetly tempting; II. vi. 7.
Swinged, whipped; II. i. 82.

Table, tablet; II. vii. 3.
Tender, compassionate; IV. iv. 145.
Tender, dear; V. iv. 37.
Testerned, presented with a tester, or sixpence; I. i. 145.
Turn, prove inconstant; II. ii. 4.
Unadvised, inadvertently; IV. iv. 127.
Up and down, altogether, exactly; II. iii. 32.



Tester (Shilling) of Henry VIII.; later the name was given to Sixpences. From a specimen in the British Museum.

Throughly, thoroughly; I. ii. 115.
Timeless, untimely; III. i. 21.
Tire, head-dress; IV. iv. 190.
To; "to Milan" = "by letters addressed to Milan"; I. i. 57: in comparison with; II. iv. 138, 139.
Tongues, languages; IV. i. 33.
Trenched, carved; III. ii. 7.
Triumphs, festive pageants; V. iv. 161.
Very, true; III. ii. 41.
Weeds, garments; II. vii. 42.
Where, whereas; III. i. 74.
Wink, shut the eyes; V. ii. 14.
With, by; II. i. 31.
Without (used quibblingly); II. i. 34-38.
Wood, mad; II, iii. 30 (see Notes).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. '*The names of all the actors*' are given at the end of the play in the Folios; the form 'Protheus' is invariably used for 'Proteus,' 'Anthonio' for 'Antonio,' and 'Panthion' for 'Panthino.'

I. i. 19. '*Or a love-book pray for my success*'; an allusion to the Roman Catholic custom of placing the beads on the prayer-book, and of counting the beads with the prayers. 'The love-book' is in this case to take the place of the prayer-book; some have supposed that Shakespeare is here referring to Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander,' which, however, though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1593, was not printed till 1598, after which date many references occur to it in contemporary literature: Shakespeare directly quotes from it in *As You Like It*, IV. i. 100.

I. ii. 53. '*What fool is she*'; the first three Folios read 'what 'fool is she,' indicating the omission of the indefinite article, a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom.

I. ii. 137. '*I see you have a moneth's mind to them*'; Schmidt in his 'Shakespeare Lexicon' explains the phrase 'month's mind' as 'a woman's longing,' as though the expression had its origin in the longing for particular articles of food shown by women, but this interpretation seems to have no authority. Johnson rightly remarks on this passage:—'A *month's mind*, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose this is the true original of expression.' The Cambridge ed. following Fol. reads 'month's mind,' but the metre clearly requires the contemporary archaic form.

I. iii. 27. 'Shakespeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan. Several of the first German Emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being at that time their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions.'—STEEVENS.

II. i. 37. '*none else would*'; *i.e.* 'no one else would perceive them.'

II. i. 78. *'to put on your hose'*; various suggestions have been made for the emendation of these words:—'to beyond your nose,' 'to put spectacles on your nose,' 'to put on your shoes,' 'to button your hose.' It is not certain that a rhyming couplet was intended. Probably 'unable to see to put on one's hose' was a proverbial expression meaning 'unable to tell which leg to put into one's hose first,' *i.e.* 'not to have one's wits about one.'

II. i. 166. *'for in print I found it.'* Probably these lines are quoted from some old ballad or play, though their source has not yet been found. One cannot help thinking that Shakespeare is quoting from some play of the 'Two Italian Gentleman' type: the reprinted extracts contain passages strongly reminding one of these lines.

II. iii. 30. *'a good woman'*; the Folios read 'a would-woman'; Theobald first changed 'would' into 'wood' (*i.e.* mad); others 'an ould (*i.e.* old) woman.'

II. iv. 116. The Folios give this line to 'Thurio'; if the reading be right, he must have quitted the stage during the scene, probably immediately before the entrance of Proteus, after line 99.

II. iv. 130. *'Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me'*; Johnson proposed to read 'those' for 'whose,' as if the 'imperious thoughts' are Valentine's and not 'Love's.'

II. iv. 196. *'Is it mine eye or Valentinës praise'*; the Camb. ed., following the first Folio, reads, 'Is it mine, or Valentine's praise'; the later Folios, 'Is it mine then, or Valentineans praise?' Theobald's suggestion, 'mine eye' has been generally adopted; 'if this were unsatisfactory,' the Camb. editors remark, 'another guess might be hazarded:—

Is it mine unstaid mind or Valentine's praise.'

In the latter case 'Valentine's' must be read as a dissyllable; in the former as a quadrisyllable; it is not necessary to read, as has been proposed, 'Valentino's' or 'Valentinus'.' Two other ingenious emendations are noteworthy:—'her mien,' 'mine eyne' ('thine eyne' occurs as a rhyme in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 138).

II. v. 1; III. i. 81; V. iv. 129. The Cambridge editors have retained the reading of the Folios in these lines, 'Padua' in the first passage, and 'Verona' in the second and third, 'because it is impossible that the words can be a mere printer's or transcriber's error. These inaccuracies are interesting as showing that Shake-

speare had written the whole of the play before he had finally determined where the scene was to be laid; ' the scene is in each case undoubtedly Milan (perhaps ' Milano,' *metri causa*).

III. i. 273. *' Condition '*; so the first three Folios; the fourth Folio reads ' conditions,' adopted in many editions; ' condition ' is generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of ' temper,' ' quality.'

III. i. 311. *' World on Wheels,'* a proverbial expression well illustrated by the accompanying drawing:—



From Taylor the Water-Poet's tract ' The World runnes on Wheels . . . ' (1623).

[The cut represents the ' chayn'd ensared world ' (turned upside down) being drawn to destruction by the flesh and the devil.]

III. ii. 77. Malone suggests that some such line as the following has been lost after ' integrity:'— ' as her obdurate heart may penetrate,' but the meaning is perhaps rightly explained by Steevens:— ' such ardour and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines.'

IV. i. 36. *' Robin Hood's fat friar,' i.e.* Friar Tuck. This allusion to ' Robin Hood's friar ' by the Italian outlaw is somewhat unexpected: in the later play of *As You Like It* there is also an allusion to ' Robin Hood,' but Shakespeare is careful to add ' of England ' (' they live like the old Robin Hood of England,' I. i. 122).

IV. i. 49. *' An heir, and near allied '*: the Folios read ' niece,' for which Theobald suggested ' near,' a reading generally accepted; possibly, but doubtfully, ' niece ' may after all be correct, being used occasionally by Elizabethan writers to signify almost any relationship.

IV. iv. 60. *' Hangman boys '*: the Folios read ' hangmans boys '; the reading in the text was given by Singer from a MS. note in a copy of the second Folio in his possession.

IV. iv. 79. The first Folio misprints, ' not leave her token.'

IV. iv. 157.

> *" But since she did neglect her looking-glass,*
> *And threw her sun-expelling mask away;'*

cf. the accompanying illustration.



Looking-glass and Mask.
From a copperplate by Peter de Lode.

V. iv. 2. Probably a better reading than the Folio is that generally adopted, due to Collier's MS.:—

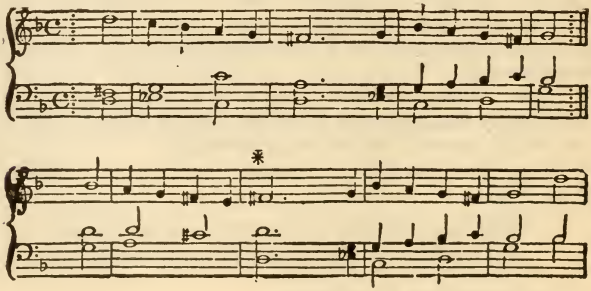
'these shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods.'

V. iv. 47-50. '*Rend thy faith . . . perjury, to love me. Thou . . .*' The lines seem clear as they stand; a suggestion by Mr. Daniel is perhaps worthy of mention:—'rain . . . perjury. To love me Thou,' *or* 'hail . . . Discandied into perjury. To love me Thou . . .'

V. iv. 71. A difficult line to scan; Johnson proposed 'O time most curst'; others omit 'most' or 'O'; perhaps we have here an Alexandrine, 'O' counting as a monosyllabic foot; the second syllable of 'deepest' being an extra syllable before the pause:—

The pri'|vate wou'nd| is de'epest; || O'-| time mo'st| accur'st,|

Part of 'My Lady Carey's Dumpe,' *circa* 1600 (to illustrate III. ii. 85).



Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

2. Milton has a like play upon words in his *Comus*:—

> "It is for *homely* features to keep home;
> They had their name thence."

8. *Idleness* is called *shapeless,* as preventing the shaping of the character and manners.

18. A *beadsman,* as the word is here used, is one who is pledged to pray on behalf of another. Thus we are told that Sir Henry Lee, upon retiring from the office of Champion to Queen Elizabeth, said "his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her *beadsman,* now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service." *Bead* is Anglo-Saxon for *prayer,* and for the small wooden balls used in numbering prayers, a string of which is called a *rosary.* Such the origin of the name, if not of the thing, "a string of beads."

114. *that's noddy*:—The poor quibble is more apparent in the original, where, according to the mode of that time, the affirmative particle, *ay,* is printed *I. Noddy* was a game at cards: applied to a person, the word meant *fool*; Noddy being the name of what is commonly called the Jack.

138-141. *being so hard,* etc.:—The meaning apparently is, "Since

she has been so hard to me, the bearer of your mind, I fear she will be equally hard to you whose mind I bore, when you yourself address her." Malone points out the antithesis between *brought* and *telling*.

145. *testerned*:—"You have given me a *testern*." *Testern*, now called tester, was the name of a coin of sixpence value, so named from having a *teste*, that is, a head, stamped upon it. It was originally valued at eighteen pence.

150. *Being destined*, etc.:—"It is worthy of remark," says Clarke, "that Speed's flippancy exceeds the licensed pertness of a jester, and degenerates into impertinence when speaking with Proteus; thus subtly conveying the dramatist's intention in the character itself. Had Proteus not been the mean, unworthy man he is, as gentleman and lover, Speed had not dared to twit him so broadly with his niggardly and reluctant recompense, or to speak in such free terms of the lady Proteus addresses."

Scene II.

19. *Censure*, in Shakespeare's time, was commonly used in the sense of judging, passing judgement, giving one's judgement or opinion. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, II. i. 36, 37: "How blest am I in my just *censure*, in my true opinion!"

30. *Fire* is here a dissyllable. The play has other like examples. This and other words, as your, hour, power, etc., were continually used thus by the poets of Shakespeare's time as one or two syllables, as their verse required.

94, 95. *descant*:—The simple air in music was called the *plain song*, or *ground*; the *descant* was probably what is now called *variations*; the *mean* was the part between treble and tenor. This use of musical terms before a popular audience would seem to infer, what was indeed the case, that taste and knowledge in music was a characteristic trait of "merry England in the olden time."

97. *I bid the base*:—Lucetta is still quibbling, and turns the allusion off upon the rustic game of *base*, or *prison-base*, in which one ran and challenged another to catch him.

126. *Sith*:—Since.

136. *for catching cold*:—That is, lest they should catch cold; anciently a common form of expression.

Scene III.

8-10. *Some to the wars,* etc.:—This passage is all alive with the spirit of Shakespeare's own time, when enterprise, adventure, and study were everywhere the order of the day, and all ranks were stirred with noble agitations; the mind's life being then no longer exhausted in domestic broils, nor as yet stifled by a passion for gain. And, to say nothing of foreign discoveries, where wonder and curiosity were ever finding new stores of food, and still grew hungry by what they fed on; or of Flemish campaigns, where chivalrous honour and mental accomplishment "kissed each other;" what a tremendous perturbation must have run through the national mind, what a noble fury must have enriched the nation's brain, to make it effervesce in such a flood as has rolled down to us in the works of Spenser, Hooker, Shakespeare, and Bacon!

27. *the emperor*:—"Some of the first German emperors," says Steevens, "were crowned kings of Italy at Milan before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the Poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that and all the other great cities in Italy were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became, but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removable at their pleasure."

30 *et seq.* Here again the Poet is alluding to the practices of his own time. At an earlier period, when war was expressly conducted by the laws of knighthood, "the tournay, with all its magnificence, its minstrels, and heralds, and damosels in lofty towers, had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths." But the tournaments of Shakespeare's time, and such as Proteus was sent to practise, were "the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances;" as magnificent indeed as the old knightly encounters, but "as harmless to the combatants as those between other less noble actors, the heroes of the stage." The Poet had no doubt witnessed some of these "courtly pastimes," as held by her Majesty in the tiltyard at Westminster, or by proud Leicester in the tiltyard at Kenilworth.

44. *break with him*:—This use of *break* for *broach* or open (the matter to him) is one of many instances showing how much the use of prepositions has changed. *To break with a person,* now wears a very different meaning.

84-87. *O, how this spring,* etc.:—Note with what accuracy and

vividness the Poet here paints the manners of April. The play was written in his youth, when he was more at home with external nature than with man, his mind not having yet climbed the height of this latter argument. The fine ecstasy with which, in his earlier plays, as in his poems, he dwells on the movements and aspects of nature may well send one's thoughts to a passage of Wordsworth, describing his youthful self:—

> "For nature then
> To me was all in all. I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

2. *one*:—*On* and *one* were sometimes pronounced alike, and also written so; this is but a quibble based on such identity of pronunciation.

24. *takes diet*:—To *take diet* is to be under a *regimen* for a disease.

26. *Hallowmas*:—The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in some places went from parish to parish *a-souling,* as they called it; that is, *begging* and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's *Dictionary* explains *puling*), for soul-cakes, and singing what they called the souler's song. These terms point out the condition of this benevolence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.

73. *going ungartered*:—This is mentioned by Rosalind (*As You Like It,* III. iii.) as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your *hose* should be *ungartered,* your bonnet unbanded," etc.

85. *Set* for *seated,* in opposition to *stand* in the preceding line. It appears, however, to be used metaphorically in the sense applied to the sun when it sinks below the horizon.

94. As *motion* signified a *puppet-show,* whereat the showman was called the *interpreter,* Speed means, "What a fine puppet-

show shall we have now! Here is the principal puppet to whom my master will act as showman."

99. *Sir Valentine and servant*:—"Here," says Sir J. Hawkins, "Silvia calls her lover *servant*, and again her *gentle servant*. This was the common language of ladies to their lovers, at the time when Shakespeare wrote." Henry James Pye, in his *Comments on the Commentators*, observes that, "in the *Noble Gentlemen* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the lady's gallant has no other name in the dramatis personæ than servant," and that "mistress and servant are always used for lovers in Dryden's plays." Knight, however, believes "that Shakespeare here uses the words in a much more general sense than that which expresses the relations between two lovers. At the very moment that Valentine calls Silvia mistress he says that he has written for her a letter—'some lines to one she loves'—unto a 'secret nameless friend'; and what is still stronger evidence that the word 'servant' had not the full meaning of lover, but meant a much more general admirer, Valentine, introducing Proteus to Silvia, says,

> 'Sweet lady, entertain him
> To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship;'

and Silvia, consenting, says to Proteus,

> 'Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.'

"Now, when Silvia says this, which, according to the meaning which has been attached to the words servant and mistress, would be a speech of endearment, she had accepted Valentine really as her betrothed lover, and she had been told by Valentine that Proteus

> 'Had come along with me, but that his mistress
> Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.'

"It appears, therefore, that we must receive these words in a very vague sense, and regard them as titles of courtesy, derived, perhaps, from the chivalric times, when many a harnessed knight and sportive troubadour described the lady whom they had gazed upon in the tiltyard as their 'mistress,' and the same lady looked upon each of the gallant train as a 'servant' dedicated to the defence of her honour, or the praise of her beauty."

Scene II.

[*Verona.*] About fifteen months elapse between the first Scene and this. For in that, the ship waits for Valentine to embark for Milan, while on the next day after the occurrences in this, Proteus also leaves Verona for the same city, where he arrives in the middle of Act II., and where the subsequent events of that Act and of Act III. occupy but a few days; and as in the first Scene of Act IV. Valentine tells the Outlaws that he sojourned in Milan "some sixteen months," nearly all of that period must have passed before the departure of Proteus from Verona. The division of this comedy into acts might be improved; but we have no right to remove this evidence of Shakespeare's inexperience when he wrote it, even if we admit that he was much solicitous at any period about the probabilities of time.

5 *et seq. Keep this remembrance,* etc.:—The ceremonial of betrothing, for which a ritual was formerly provided, is thus set down by the Priest in *Twelfth Night,* V. i.:—

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings," etc.

Scene III.

17. *this left shoe*:—This shows that in the Poet's time each foot had its several shoe; which fashion, once laid aside, has grown into general use again almost within the recollection of the present generation.

24-26. *I am the dog,* etc.:—Launce here gets entangled with his own ingenuity, and the Poet probably did not mean to extricate him.

30. *like a wood woman*:—*Wood* is an old word for *frantic* or *mad*: so that the speaker means that his mother was frantic with grief at parting with so hopeful a son. Perhaps the sense would be clearer, if we read, "O, that *the shoe* could speak now," etc.

55, 56. The first, *tide,* refers to the river; the last, *tied,* to the dog. In the original *tide* and *tied* are both spelt the same way, *tide,* which renders the quibble more obvious.

Scene IV.

20. *My jerkin is a doublet*:—"The *jerkin*, or jacket," observes Knight, "was generally worn over the doublet; but occasionally the doublet was worn alone, and, in many instances, is confounded with the jerkin. Either had sleeves or not, as the wearer fancied; for by the inventories and wardrobe accounts of the time, we find that the sleeves were frequently separate articles of dress, and attached to the doublet, jerkin, coat, or even woman's gown, by laces or ribbands, at the pleasure of the wearer. A 'doblet jaquet' and hose of blue velvet, cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered, and a 'doblet hose and jaquet' of purple velvet, embroidered, and cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with black satin, are entries in an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII. In 1535, a jerkin of purple velvet, with purple satin sleeves, embroidered all over with Venice gold, was presented to the king by Sir Richard Cromwell; and another jerkin of crimson velvet, with wide sleeves of the same coloured satin, is mentioned in the same inventory."

73. *He is complete in feature*:—*Feature*, originally meaning *form, making*, was applied by Shakespeare and his contemporaries to the whole person. Thus in Heywood's *Helen to Paris*, 1609:—

> "Three goddesses stripp'd naked to your eye,
>
> I scarce believe those high immortal creatures
> Would to your eye expose their naked *features*."

So also Spenser: "Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide."

138. *There is no woe to*, etc.:—That is, no misery in comparison with that inflicted by love; a form of speech formerly not unusual. Thus an old ballad: "There is no comfort in the world *to* women that are kind."

209. *'Tis but her picture*:—Dr. Johnson criticized the Poet for making Proteus say he has but seen the *picture* of Silvia, when he has just been talking with the lady herself. But the blunder was the critic's, not Shakespeare's. Proteus wants to get deeper in love with Silvia, and so resorts to the argument that the little he has seen of her is as though he had but seen her picture. The figure is not more apt for his purpose than beautiful in itself.

Scene V.

38, 39. *how sayest thou*:—That is, "What say'st thou to this circumstance?" So in *Macbeth,* III. iv.: "How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person at our great bidding?"

Scene VI.

35. *Competitor,* here meaning confederate, associate, or partner, is likewise used in *Antony and Cleopatra,* V. i.:—

> "That thou, my brother, my *competitor*
> In top of all design, my *mate* in empire,
> *Friend* and *companion* in the front of war."

Scene VII.

3. *table*:—That is, table-book, or book of tablets. They were carried in the pockets and used for noting down memoranda. Thus the well-known lines in *Hamlet,* I. v.:—

> "from the *table* of my memory
> I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records."

And again:—

> "My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
> That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

9, 10. *A true-devoted pilgrim,* etc.:—An allusion to the pilgrimages formerly made by religious enthusiasts, often to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem, but oftener still to "the House of our Lady at Loretto." In that age, when there were few roads and many robbers, to go afoot and alone through all the pains and perils of a passage from England to either of those shrines, was deemed proof that the person was thoroughly in earnest.

51. *your farthingale*:—The *farthingale,* according to Fairholt, as quoted by White, was originally a broad roll, which made the person full about the hips. It came to be applied to the gown so widened.

70. *Infinite* is here used for *infinity.* So in *Much Ado About Nothing,* II. iii., we find "the *infinite* of thought;" and Chaucer has "Although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time."

85. *my longing journey*:—"The journey that I *long* to be making;" or, it may mean, "the journey that I shall make with continual longing to reach the end of it."

88. *in lieu thereof*:—That is, in *consideration* thereof, or in return for. This use of *lieu* is not uncommon in the old writers. So in Hooker's *Eccle. Pol.*, I. xi. 5: "But be it that God of his great liberality had determined *in lieu* of man's endeavours to bestow the same." And in Spenser's dedication of his *Four Hymns*: "Beseeching you to accept this my humble service, *in lieu* of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto me."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

185. *to fly*:—That is, *by flying*, or *in flying*.

191. *hair*:—Launce is still quibbling: he is running down the *hare* he started when he first entered.

296. *Saint Nicholas be thy speed!*—Saint Nicholas had many weighty cares, but was best known as the patron saint of scholars, in which office he is here invoked. He is said to have gained this honour by restoring to life three scholars, whom a wicked host had murdered while on their way to school. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, London, the scholars are required to attend divine service in the cathedral on the anniversary of Saint Nicholas. The parish clerks of London, probably because scholars were called clerks, formed themselves into a guild, with this saint for their patron. In 1 *Henry IV.* thieves are called Saint Nicholas's clerks; whether from the similarity of the names *Nicholas* and *Old Nick*, or from some similarity of conduct in thieves and scholars in the old days of learned beggary does not fully appear.

305, 306. *stock*:—Launce's play on this word is explained by Hudson as follows: "The last *stock* means *stocking*; the other, *dower*, or stock of *goods*, probably."

345. *liberal*:—That is, free beyond the allowings of modesty. Liberal was frequently used as meaning *licentious*.

358. *The cover of the salt*:—"The ancient English salt-cellar," says Malone, "was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover, to keep the salt clean. There was but one salt-cellar on the dinner-table,

which was placed near the top of the table; and those who sat below the salt were, for the most part, of an inferior condition to those who sat above it."

Scene II.

53. *bottom it*:—"As you unwind her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. A *bottom* is the housewife's term for that upon which a ball of yarn or thread is wound. Thus in Grange's *Garden*, 1557:—

> "A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
> My letters are become,
> Which, oft with winding off and on,
> Are wasted whole and some."

87. *inherit her*:—To *inherit* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for to *gain possession of*, without any notion of inheritance. Milton, in *Comus*, has "*disinherit* Chaos," meaning only to *dispossess* it.

92. To sort, *to choose out*.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

33. *Have you the tongues?*—That is, do you speak foreign languages?

36. *Robin Hood's fat friar*:—Friar Tuck, the chaplain of Robin Hood's merry crew; that ancient specimen of clerical baldness and plumpness and jollity, who figures so largely in old ballads and in *Ivanhoe*. Recall what Drayton says:—

> "Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade."

46. *awful men*:—Men *full of awe*, or reverence for just authority, the duties of life, and the laws of society. See Milton's *Hymn of the Nativity*:—

> "And kings sat still with *awful* eye,
> As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by."

Scene II.

12. *sudden quips*:—*Quips,* meaning bitter retorts, or sharp sarcasms, thus occurs in *Much Ado About Nothing,* II. iii. 241-243: "Shall *quips* and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?"

75. *out of all nick*:—That is, beyond all *reckoning.* Accounts were formerly kept by cutting *nicks* or notches in a tally-stick. Thus in *A Woman Never Vexed,* 1532: "I have carried these tallies at my girdle seven years together; for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick.*" The time is not very remote when such tallies were finally disused in the English Exchequer; being laid aside, no doubt, because the accounts grew to be *out of all nick.*

83. *Saint Gregory's well*:—This was probably one of the "holy wells" to which popular belief attributed supernatural virtues, and which were visited something as our fashionable watering-places are, but usually, no doubt, with different feelings. The town in which is Saint Winifred's well, in North Wales, is called Holywell. The well is still inclosed by the Gothic temple erected by the mother of Henry VII.

135. *halidom*:—Nares says that this word is properly derived from *holy* and *dom,* like kingdom, making the oath mean something like by my *faith.* Some complete it thus: "By my faith as a Christian."

140. *most heaviest*:—The double superlative, as well as the double comparative, was often used in Shakespeare's time.

Scene III.

21. *thou vow'dst pure chastity*:—It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands, and sometimes, perhaps, of those only betrothed, as Sir Eglamour probably was.

Scene IV.

10. *trencher*:—A wooden platter. That the daughter of a duke should eat from a *trencher* need not seem strange, since in Shakespeare's day this utensil was used by persons of the highest

rank. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. are entries pointing to the service of trenchers on the king's table.

158. *sun-expelling mask*:—Alluding, probably, to the custom thus noticed by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*: "When they use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look."

170. *agood*:—This word, meaning *in good earnest, heartily,* though used by Shakespeare only in this place, is met with occasionally in contemporary and earlier writers. So in Drayton's *Dowsabell,* 1593:—

> "But then the shepherd pip'd *a-good,*
> That all his sheep forsook their food
> To hear his melody."

196. *periwig*:—False hair was much worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time, probably on account of a general desire to have hair like Queen Elizabeth's. The fashion is thus referred to in *The Merchant of Venice,* III. ii.:—

> "So are those crisped snaky golden locks
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

197. *grey as glass*:—The *grey* eyes of the Poet's time were the same as the *blue* eyes of ours. Glass was not colourless then, as we have it, but of a light-blue tint. So that *eyes as grey as glass* were of the soft azure or cerulean, such as usually go with the auburn and yellow hair of Silvia and Julia.

198. *her forehead's low,* etc.:—"*Forehead,*" says White, "was formerly used, as it now too often is, for *brow*; and to the beauty of a broad, low brow (which may exist with a high fore-head, as we see in the finest antique statues) the folk of Shakespeare's day seem to have been blind. Perhaps in this too they paid their court to the bald-browed Virgin Queen. There are fashions even in beauty."

206. *statue*:—The words *statue* and *picture* were sometimes used interchangeably. Thus Stowe, speaking of Elizabeth's funeral, says: "When they beheld her *statue* or *picture* lying upon the coffin there was a general sighing." And in Massinger's *City*

Madam, Frugal wishes his daughters to "take leave of their late suitors' *statues*"; and Luke answers, "*There they hang.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

7. *But love,* etc.:—In the Folios this speech is given to Proteus, and the next speech of Julia to Thurio. Boswell corrected the first, and Rowe the other.

Scene IV.

6. *record*:—Commonly used as meaning to *sing*. So in Drayton's *Eclogues*:—

> "Fair Philomel, night-music of the spring,
> Sweetly *records* her tuneful harmony."

Cotgrave and others speak of the birds recording, that is, warbling.

83. *All that was mine,* etc.:—This is a strange passage. Many commentators have tried hard, in different ways, to make it look reasonable; but there is an extravagance about it that will not yield to editorial skill. Here is a remark upon it in Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from the Plays of Shakespeare*: "Proteus expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia I give it up to you!'" Dyce, speaking of "this overstrained and too generous act of friendship," no doubt more correctly says: "Nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such 'a sudden flight of heroism': but the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was undoubtedly an early production of the Poet; and in stories popular during his youth he may have found similar instances of romantic generosity." White's remark is: "Much of little worth has been written upon this singular passage. But it appears to be uncorrupted, and it has a plain meaning. Comment

upon it, therefore, seems to be the function, not of the editor of Shakespeare's works, but of the philosophical critic upon his poetry and dramatic art. It is proper to remark, however, that Valentine displays a similar overstrained generosity when, on the arrival of Proteus (II. iv.) he twice earnestly entreats Silvia to receive his friend as her lover, on equal terms with him—as his 'fellow-servant' to her."

94. *cry you mercy*:—That is, ask your pardon.

101-103. *gave aim,* etc.:—Allusion to archery. That which *gave aim* was the *mark* at which the archer shot. The *root* means the *pin,* to *cleave* which was to hit the centre of the mark.

106, 107. *if shame live,* etc.:—That is, if it be any shame to wear a disguise in such a cause.

129. *Verona shall not hold thee*:—"To Valentine's apprehension," says White, "the whole party were on their way from Milan to Verona, as he was when the Outlaws stayed him; and therefore his threat to Thurio that he shall never reach his destination. Theobald, not perceiving this, and seeing only that 'Thurio is a Milanese, and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona,' in his perplexity reads '*Milan* shall not *be*hold thee.' This is cutting the knot, with a vengeance. But the difficulty and the solution have, with too little thought, been accepted by succeeding editors. Mr. Singer even adds that 'the Scene, too, is between the confines of Milan and Mantua,' as support for the rejection of any allusion to Verona. This, however, is not the case, as appears from the fact that Silvia takes flight before sunset in Sc. i. of this Act, is pursued immediately, as we see by the Duke's speech in Sc. ii., is seized by the Outlaws in the next scene, and is rescued in the next. The events evidently pass with great rapidity; and the same safety from pursuit which Sir Eglamour promised Silvia in the forest 'not three leagues' from Milan, had been previously found there by the Outlaws.

152. *men that I have kept withal*:—That is, that I have been living with. Shakespeare often uses *kept* for *lived* or *dwelt.*

Questions on

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

1. What is the probable date of the composition of this play? When was the play first published?
2. From what sources was the play derived?
3. What is the time covered in the play?

ACT FIRST.

4. With what situation does it open?
5. What has Valentine to say of stay-at-homes? Is it a truth of general application?
6. How does Proteus report himself as a lover? What is said to be the object of Valentine's hunt?
7. What excess of manner over matter does this Scene contain that marks the play as early work? Mention some of the verbal conceits.
8. What does Speed report of Julia, to whom he was sent to deliver Proteus's letter? How do we know that he did not see Julia? What two dramatic effects are secured by this mistake?
9. What epithets does Julia apply to the suitors she presents for Lucetta's approval? Is there any covert implication that Proteus is preferred?
10. May Lucetta be regarded as the prototype of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*?
11. What traits of character does Julia display? Does she possess charm?
12. Does Shakespeare show more art than nature in the first two Scenes?
13. What comment on the activities of the Elizabethan era do you see in Sc. iii.?
14. Did Julia send a reply to Proteus's letter? What part does the letter play in the action?
15. Is there adequate motive assigned for the precipitate de-

parture of Proteus? Compare Antonio with Capulet (*Romeo and Juliet*), Frederick (*As You Like It*).

16. What feeling had Proteus about going away and leaving Julia?

ACT SECOND.

17. What does Sc. i. develop of Valentine's new love? What humorous comments on the state of a lover does Speed make?

18. How does Shakespeare balance passion and drollery in this scene?

19. How does Silvia convict Valentine of self-consciousness?

20. What is Speed's comment after Silvia's exit? How does it apply to Valentine?

21. How does Speed enlarge upon the conceit with which Silvia quits the scene?

22. What does Sc. ii. deal with? What token does Julia give to Proteus? What evidences does this scene contain that Proteus is an insincere lover? Compare him with Valentine.

23. What mental kinship does Launce share with the First Grave-digger in *Hamlet*?

24. What part in the action does Sir Thurio play? What occasion does he take to pick a quarrel with Valentine? What is the result of their battle of wits?

25. What exaggeration of friendly praise of Proteus does Valentine indulge in? How does the Duke answer this?

26. How does Valentine's rhapsody on love (Sc. iv.) differ from Romeo's rhapsody beneath Juliet's balcony?

27. Proteus says to Valentine, *when I was sick, you gave me bitter pills; and I must minister the like to you.* Infer the flavor of the bitter pill from the natures of the two men.

28. What plan for his marriage does Valentine confide to Proteus?

29. Analyze the state of mind displayed by Proteus in the soliloquy with which Sc. iv. closes.

30. What is your estimate of his reasons for turning false to love and friendship?

31. Explain the dramatic effect of Sc. v.

32. Does Proteus prove himself an egoist in his soliloquy in Sc. vi.? Compare him with Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne. Is he capable of any real love?

33. What traitorous plan does he reveal?

34. Where is Sc. vii. laid? What journey and in what disguise is Julia about to take?
35. What fears for her reputation does she express?
36. What reassurance does Lucetta offer?
37. Is Lucetta a wise counsellor?

ACT THIRD.

38. How does Proteus excuse his falsity to his friend in informing the Duke?
39. What precautionary measures had the Duke taken against Valentine's rashness?
40. What preparation for the scene between the Duke and Valentine does Proteus furnish?
41. What double motive (i. 44 *et seq.*) do you find in Proteus's words?
42. What effect of contrast between Valentine and Proteus (line 63) is secured in what Valentine says to the Duke of Thurio?
43. By what trick does the Duke uncover the purposes of Valentine? Does Valentine become too easy a prey?
44. Of what does the Duke accuse him?
45. Where is the climax of the drama?
46. What dramatic effect is produced (line 189 *et seq.*) by making Launce the centre of interest for the moment?
47. Compare the love-despair of Valentine with that of Romeo. Which is treated more imaginatively?
48. In what other respect is the plight of Valentine similar to that of Romeo?
49. How do Proteus and Valentine separate?
50. Who first detects villainy in Proteus?
51. What is the dramatic effect of this dialogue between Speed and Launce? What justifies its length?
52. Summarize this Scene and note the rise and fall of emotion. Where is the highest pitch? What saves the Scene from anti-climax?
53. Is Proteus superior to the Duke in intellect? What means does he take with the Duke to get his own plans adopted? Illustrate by Sc. ii.
54. What is the metrical form of Proteus's speech, beginning with line 73?

ACT FOURTH

55. What reason does Valentine give the Outlaws for his banishment?

56. How is his untruth made absurd by the first Outlaw who accounts for his own banishment?

57. On account of what qualities is Valentine made chief of the Outlaws?

58. What part of this Scene has a forward glance?

59. Is Proteus (Sc. ii.) troubled by genuine rebuke of conscience or chagrin that Silvia has not accepted his suit?

60. How is the faithlessness of Proteus made known to Julia? Is there any moment of the play when Shakespeare's art is more perfect?

61. What do you understand to be the change in the music to which the Host refers?

62. How is Proteus received by Silvia? How does he further entangle himself by falsehoods?

63. What boon is finally granted by Silvia?

64. What ironic touch does the Host supply?

65. What points of resemblance do you see between Sir Eglamour and Prospero of *The Tempest*?

66. Is there an element of satire in the episode (Sc. iv.) of Launce and his dog? Explain its implication.

67. In what later play of Shakespeare is the situation of this Scene repeated?

68. Does Julia carry out her purpose to plead coldly in Proteus's behalf?

ACT FIFTH.

69. Give your opinion of the humorous interludes spoken by Julia in Sc. ii. What later play repeats this situation?

70. Is the defection of Sir Eglamour consistent with the view of him given in the preceding Act?

71. What is the temper of Valentine's reflections in Sc. iv.? What later drama do they anticipate?

72. Describe the resolution of the drama.

73. After Silvia had been rescued from the Outlaws, do you see any weakening of her protest against the wooing of Proteus?

74. Account for the willingness of Valentine to surrender Silvia to Proteus.

75. By the tightening of cords that involve Proteus up to the last is there any conclusion, consistent with comedy, other than the one Shakespeare uses? Where then is the structural defect of the play?

76. Compare this play with the two earlier comedies, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Comedy of Errors,* and note the similarities and differences in metrical form.

77. What evidences of the growth of the Poet's art do you discover?

78. Is Shakespeare here more intent in perfecting his art than in developing character? Compare a play like this with the early volume of Tennyson.

79. Mention other plays containing situations similar to some in this play. What does this comparison show regarding Shakespeare's power of inventing incident?

80. Compare Valentine with Romeo; Julia with Viola and Imogen.

81. Is there any more humorous clown in Shakespeare than Launce?

82. What allusion to nature do you find in this play?



